CIRCULATION.. LAST WEEK: 102,000 Sample Copies sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Greatest National Weekly Newspaper In the United States.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895 VOL. LXIII. NO. 44.

Poetry.

OLD BOB WHITE.

Now the hills are turning yellow and the brown is on the corn;
There's melody that's mellow in the music of the horn,
And the sassafras is blazing and the sumach all aglow
Where the old bell cow is grazing on the fallows down below.
And the pea vines gladly rustle where the soft winds are at play
And the young quial chirp and hustle, growing plumper every day;
And the cunning old suborner in the bushes to the right,
Perched upon the low fence corner, whistles
"Old
Bob
White!"

Get your ammunition ready, now, and limber up your gun,
Train the young dogs to be steady so as not to spoil the fun,
For the time is swiftly coming and October's nearly here,
When we'll set the woods a-humming with the music far and near,
And we'll fill each hunting jacket with the spoil our prowess yields,
As we raise a merry racket in the forest and the fields,
For the challenge is temptation as they sit there out of sight
All around the big plantation whistling
"Old
Bob
White!"

—Montgomery M. Folsom, in Rome Tribune.

A NEW POEM OF HOLMES'S.

The "Independent" has discovered the following verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his early days:

Why linger round the sunken wrecks
Where old Armadas found their graves?
Why slumber on the sleepy decks
While foam and clash the angry waves?
Up! when the storm-blast rends the clouds,
And winnowed with ruin sweeps the gale,
Young feet must climb the quivering shrouds,
Young hands must reef the bursting sail!

Leave us to fight the tyrant creeds
Who felt their shackles, feel their scars;
The cheerful sunlight little heeds
The brutes that prowled beneath the stars;
The dawn is here, the day star shows
The spoils of many a battle won,
But sin and sorrow still are foes
That face us in the morning sun.

Who sleeps beneath yon bannered mound
The proudly sorrowing mourner seeks,
The garland-bearing crowd surrounds?
A light-haired boy with beardless cheeks!
'Tis time this "fallen world" should rise;
Let youth the sacred work begin!
What nobler task, what fairer prize
Than earth to save and Heaven to win?

A TRULY GOOD MAN.

He never speaks in anger to his wife,
He's never quarrelsome;
He never yet engaged in wordy strife—
He is dumb.

He never harks to scandal, it is said;
He's wonderful, it's clear;
He never lists to libels on the dead—
He can't hear.

He never glowers fiercely, as with spleen;
He gives no glance unkind;
No piercing gaze or rolling eye is seen—
He is blind.

He never strikes in anger when he's crossed,
And fighting has no charms,
Because, you see, some time ago he lost
Both his arms.

He never tries to kick those little pets
The children seek to tame;
The dogs and cats he never, never frets—
He is lame.

He never does a thing that can offend,
It may as well be said,
Because long since his life came to an end—
He is dead.

Miscellany.

SECRETS OF MUSIC.

Significance of the Different Keys, According to Papa Haydn.

The meaning of the different keys in music, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is thus set down in a letter written in 1808 and printed in a book entitled "Letters on the Celebrated Composer, Haydn:"

F—This key is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.

D minor possesses the same qualities, but of a heavier and darker cast; more doleful, solemn and grand.

C—Bold, vigorous and commanding; suited to the expression of war and enterprise.

A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble.

G—Gay and sprightly; being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.

E minor—Persuasive, soft and tender.

D—Ample, grand and noble; having more fire than C, it is suited to loftiest purposes.

B minor—Bewailing, but in too high a tone to excite commiseration.

A—Golden, warm and sunny.

F sharp minor—Mournfully grand.

E—Bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects.

B—Keen and piercing; seldom used.

B flat—The least interesting of any. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand and is too dull for song.

G minor—Meek and pensive. Replete with melancholy.

E flat—Full of mellow, sombre, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight. Though less decided in character than some of the others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

C minor—Complaining, having something of a cast of B minor.

A flat—The most lovely of the tribe. Unassuming, gentle, soft, delicate and tender, having none of the pertness of A in sharps. Every author has been sensible to the charm of this key and has reserved it for the expression of his most refined sentiments.

F minor—Religious, penitential and gloomy.

D flat—Awfully dark.

A Matter of Wonderment.

"Do you think——"

The American girl looked archly up into the English nobleman's face.

"It really a crime ——"

Her eyelashes drooped over her peach-like cheeks again.

"For cousins to marry?"

The proud patrician freed a portion of his throat from his standing collar and answered:

"No."

Silence reigned peacefully for several minutes. It was broken at length by the maid.

"I wonder ——"

Her eyes wandered dreamily over the distant landscape.

"Why you Britishers ——"

The blueness of her orbs deepened in their intensity and they took on the azure of the Italian sky.

"Call us American cousins!"—New York World.

Polly Was Too Smart.

"I gave you that parrot as a birthday present, did I not, Matilda?" he asked.

"Yes; but surely, Albert, you are not going to speak of your gift as a if—"

"It was young and speechless at the time?"

"Yes," with increasing wonder; "and it has never been out of this parlor."

"There are no other young ladies in this house are there?"

"No, there are not."

"Then why, when I kissed your picture in yonder alcove while waiting for you did that wretched bird assume your voice and say, 'Don't do that Charlie, please don't?'"—London Telegraph.

Found Guilty.

"Here is a cigar," said the dealer, "that I would like you to give a trial."

"All right," said Watts, "hand it over."

It was handed over.

"What do you think of it?" asked the dealer.

"It doesn't deserve a trial," said Watts; "it ought to be lynched."—Indianapolis Journal.

Impediments to Reform.

Foreign Tourist—"Why don't your tow authorities fill up those horrible marshes or else drain them?"

Citizen—"That's the trouble. The Republicans want them filled up and the Democrats want them drained, and they can't agree which to do."—New York Weekly.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEROY.

The Dublin People Received Him With Enthusiasm.

The city of Dublin showed a respectful enthusiasm on the occasion of the state entry of the Earl and Countess Cadogan to take up their viceregal duties in the capital of Ireand. The mail steamer Connaught took the lord lieutenant and his family and suite to Kingstown Harbor, where a deputation at noon on August 22 welcomed the viceroy and presented an address. Shortly afterward the party entered the special train, which was

THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

profusely decorated in honor of the event. At Westland Row Station the earl was received by Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Mr. W. Kenny, Q. C., solicitor general for Ireland, and other officials. Then a procession was formed, headed by the mounted metropolitan police, the deputy assistant adjutant general, the band of the Fifteenth Hussars and escort of cavalry and Ulster King of Arms. The lord lieutenant was next seen riding on a gray charger, accompanied by Lord Wolseley and a brilliant staff. On the arrival of the procession at Dublin

THE COUNTESS OF CADOGAN.

Castle, the Countess of Cadogan, who was in a carriage drawn by four horses and preceded by outriders, was presented with a bouquet. The first official act of the lord lieutenant, it may be here recorded, was the reception, on August 24, of a deputation from the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, which presented the earl with a congratulatory address. Lord Cadogan has thus commenced his viceregal duties with the prospect of popularity and the hope of prosperity which every well-wisher to Ireland trusts will be realized.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A certain farmer who was by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo had a son of six or seven who had more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the farm, and, seeing the lad, asked: "Sonny, where's your father?"

"In the pigpen," was the reply.

"In the pigpen? Thanks," and as the man moved in the direction indicated, l'enfant terrible shouted:

"I say! You'll know him 'cause he's got his hat on!"—Boston Budget.

John (shcepishly)—"I—I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time."

Betty (with a frightened air)—"Oh, I—I guess not."

"Mebby I'll git married some time."

"Mebby."

"Mebby we might both git married at the same time."

"Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the minister should make a mistake an' marry us to each other?"

"I—I shouldn't mind."

"No—neither should I."—New York Weekly.

Deacon Snow—"You didn't tole de troof in you' sarmon to-day, sah, when you said dat Mister Noah came fust outer de ark."

Rev. Mr. Johnsing—"Can you proob dat, sah?"

Deacon Snow—"Sartan! It says in de good book dat 'Noah came fourth out of de ark.' You should be keerful how you lead your flock astray, sah."—Truth.

A—"When I come to reckon up what I have to pay for my shooting license and firearms, the suits of clothes and the boots I wear out, and the neglect of my business, every hare I shoot costs me thirty marks."

B—"In that case, how lucky it is you shoot so few!"—Humoristische Blaetter.

"Did you trade any when you was ter town?" asked Silas Oatbin.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, "some."

"How did you come out?"

"'Twus what ye'd call a stand-off. I give a feller a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill fur a gold brick."—Washington Star.

"What are you crying for, child?"

"Lolo hurt me."

"How, pray?"

"I was going to hit him with my fist when he ducked his head and I struck the wall."—Etoile Belge.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

His Constitutional.

Yeast—Do you give your dog any exercise?

Crimsonbeak—Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day.—Yonkers Statesman.

Complacency.

"Yes," said Willie Wibbles; "I went to the reception with a boil on my neck."

"And what did your friends think of you?"

"All jealous, deah boy. It was the swellest things there." — Washington Star.

Equipped for Dialect.

The Foreman—It's goin' to hustle us to get the paper out this week. Slug 7 is bitin' drunk, and he'll stay thataway for the next three or four days.

Editor of the Plunkville Eagle—Ain't he fit to work?

"Oh, he's willing; but he can't tell on box from another."

"Turn him loose on that Scotch dialect story. Nobody will know the difference."—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Advice.

Son—As I am about to enter on my career as an M. D., father, what motto would you have me observe?

Father—"Live and Let Live."—Harper's Bazar.

And They Never Go There.

Bessie—Mamma, there won't be any apartment houses in heaven, will there?

Her Mother—Why not, dear?

Bessie—'Cause they can't run 'em without janitors.—Chicago Tribune.

A Dock and a Doctor.

Tramcar Driver—"Me and my off horse has been working for the company for twelve years now."

Passenger—"That so! The company must think a great deal of you both."

"Well, I dunno. Last week the two of us were taken sick, and they got a doctor for the horse, and docked me. Get up there now, Betsy!"—London Tit Bits.

FLOWERS THIS SEASON.

Chrysanthemums Will be as Popular as Ever.

During the spring and summer months flowers seem to be in even greater demand than they are in winter, but to counteract this important state of affairs Dame Nature has so arranged it that the supply is also the heaviest when the demand is the greatest. In nearly every yard will be found flowers, and some people are so fond of them that they devote great beds to their cultivation, and the florists' productions become practically a drug on the market. He does not quite go out of business, but the trade in the summer can not bear comparison with what he sells during the winter. And the prices are so different. Pennies will buy in the summer what it takes dollars to get in the winter.

But when the sun is the hottest and the thermometer is struggling around the century mark the florist forgets the present, and, closing his eyes, looks seer-like into the future. He knows that there will come a time when he will have society in his remorseless grasp, and when his bank account will groan and sigh with its own bigness.

The demand for flowers is as steady almost as that for the staple articles of food and they seem almost indispensable at certain social functions. While one touch of nature makes the whole world akin, there seems to be no doubt but that flowers are the most universally liked of all the productions of that unexplained force that causes life. Nearly everybody is fond of flowers, and the only thing that keeps the florist from becoming a millionaire is the lack of money on the part of the people to buy his flowers, says one writer.

There are no particularly new flowers or styles for this fall. There has not been much experimenting in this vicinity in the way of grafting or the production of rare blossoms. One man has a parti-colored carnation, but he has nursed it for his own edification and none will be found for sale.

But the staple stock of the florist this winter will be what it has been for a long time—the rose and the carnation. They are to the florist what coffee and sugar are to the grocer, and can always be procured in endless variety.

The American beauty still holds its proud place of pre-eminence, and there seems to be none to push it out. It is a beautiful flower, and the choice of bride's almost invariably. Bride roses come second in the favor of the maids who are to stand before the altar and the winter bride's bouquets will be made of both varieties with the American beauty as the favorite.

There is a new rose in the shops this year that may become a favorite. It is called the Madame de Watteville, and is of a beautiful pink, deepening to a bright red at the edge of the petals. The body of the flower is creamy white and the combination of colors suggests the name, "The Tulip Rose."

The chrysanthemum, that flower that is so very much in evidence in the fall, and loks so much like a bunch of coarsely cut cold slaw, is about due, and florists say they expect the demand will be as great as ever. There are something like 200 varieties, and the finest will hardly be seen in the shops until after the middle of next month.

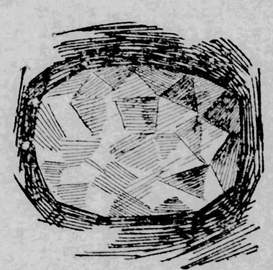
HOPE DIAMOND FOR SALE.

A Famous Jewel for Which a Yankee Offered $100,000 Recently.

The famous Hope or Blue diamond is being offered for sale by the trustees of the estate of Lord Henry Francis Hope, brother of the Duke of Newcastle.

Not long ago an enterprising American jeweller, whose name the trustees refuse to give, offered $100,000 for the gem. It is valued at £24,000.

The Hope diamond is an exceedingly rare gem because of its rare color, which is a fine blue, and its high brilliancy. On account of its color it is more precious than diamonds of the



THE HOPE DIAMOND VALUED AT $120,000.

purest white water. It is said that the Hope diamond is merely one-half of the historic blue diamond which adorned the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece worn by Louis XV., and which was stolen during the revolution. The companion half is said to have been disposed of several years ago at the sale of the Duke of Brunswick's collection.

Mr. Hope's diamond weighs forty carats, and is perfect in form and cutting. Only two other blue diamonds of considerable size are known. One, known as the Blue Star, is of a milky tint, and the other of purest azure blue, which formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette, is now in the collection of a Parisian amateur.

DOWN A DEEP HOLE.

A Frenchman the First to Explore a Mystery in England.

Near Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, England, there is a yawning opening in the earth known as Gaping Ghyll, into which a stream of water pours, and concerning whose depth and contents rumor, in the absence of accurate knowledge, has spread many a wild legend.

An adventurous Frenchman named E. A. Martel, has descended to the bottom of Gaping Ghyll and has brought back a complete account of it. He descended by driving an oak post in the ground at the top of the slope leading to the hole, and attaching to the post two rope ladders. In the meantime, the stream flowing into the hole was diverted into another channel.

At 190 feet from the surface the explorer alighted on a six-foot ledge, upon which his ladder had fallen, and when he had disentangled this he climbed down 140 feet more. He paid out a telephone wire as he descended, and was thus able, as soon as he touched the foot not only to assure his wife that he was safe and sound, but also to give her an enthusiastic description of the bottom of the Ghyll.

It proved to be a vast chamber 450 feet long, 130 feet wide and about 100 feet high. The floor is of sand and pebbles, and three outlets from it, through which the water percolates, are blocked up by enormous boulders. M. Martel was astonished to come across no human or animal remains. He was 28 minutes in accomplishing his hazardous and laborious ascent to the surface.

He Didn't.

"John James, what do you mean by getting into such a condition? Say 'Smith's spirit flask split Phillip's sister's skull.'"

"Wo' do a'y such shing! Shan't shay: 'Smith spish frash fish sish-sh-sh.' Wha' for I shay thash? Won't!"

"That's all right. You didn't."—Richmond Dispatch.

FASHION'S LATEST FADS.

FRENCH GOWNS ARE UNUSUALLY CHIC THIS SEASON.

Panels, Yokes and Plastrons Are All the Rage Just Now.

Felix has many of his new skirts laid in deep graduated plaits. If well built, a skirt made in this way is very graceful. One of his latest creations is a dark brocaded silk, having a deep olive-green ground, with a raised design in autumnal tints. This has the skirt laid on after the manner described. The bodice is made plain and tightfitting, closed at the back with the high collar gored up from the shoulders without a separate cut. Over this is laid a separate blouse of white crepon, trimmed with three rows of gold braid. This blouse is cut round at the neck, several inches below the collar, and then straight down to the waist, leaving an opening of several inches. The shoulders are cut long over the sleeves, and are then cut up to the armhole to form jockeys. The rest of the blouse is gathered into the waist with a gold-braided belt, the same gold trimming holding down the two front box pleats for three inches, and being finished with a braided trefoil. The brocaded sleeves are short to the elbow, and very full, and are finished with a Moyenage cuff of the white crepon trimmed with gold braid.

A very pretty and "chic" little costume by Rouffe has a new-looking short figaro jacket of fine guipure, cut without sleeves and with a pointed tab over the shoulders. This is worn over a plain but perfectly cut crepon costume, with silk taffeta silk lining gathered into the waist by a simple velvet ribbon, tied with long loops and ends at the back. The sleeves consist of three flounces of velvet and a velvet collar finished with rosettes.

Some of the newest costumes have the skirt made with graduated box pleats, held down in front from the waist by lace tabs to a depth of several inches, this gives the desired full-

AN AUTUMN CONCEIT.

ness below, and the tight-fitting effect over the hips which fashionable women still cling to.

Montaille makes a green crepon skirt in this way, and drapes the bodice in three box pleats over the same lace used as insertion. The large green satin sleeves have eight lace vandykes radiating from the shoulder, and one only running up the inside seam at the tight-fitting forearm.

Sara Meyer's new frocks are distinctly Marie Antoinette in their character. She affects large draped fichus, ribbon bows on the shoulder, a combination of plain and striped materials. One of her latest is a striped pekin, with black, green and pink, on a white ground. This has a full, plain, flaring skirt, hanging in a fold over a front of pale green. The bodice is almost entirely covered with a large draped fichu, trimmed with yellow renaissance lace. The sleeves are balloon shaped, with the stripes running diagonally toward the waist on either side, and large moulinet bows on the shoulders of green satin ribbon.

All the newest gowns have the shoulders covered with bows or lace "jockeys."

Narrow velvet panels, wide at the bottom and cut to a point at the waist, with silk gores between, and then the same velvet and the same silk flaring out in narrower stripes to form the bodice, make a very novel and striking-looking combination on a recently imported French robe de visite, made on princess without any belt. A charming effect is produced by having the velvet bands laid over a lace garment (a sort of short-sleeved basque), which covers the silk of the waist. A curious experiment with the leg-o'-mutton sleeves, which is not unsuccessful, is having them cut lengthwise, half of the silk and half of the velvet. The collar worn with this dress is a bow stock of the velvet, with two ostrich tips on either side of the black velvet bow at the back, the former showing on either side in front like a ruff.

Some of the new corsage garnitures are very effective, and will cover up an old waist. A very pretty and girlish arrangement is of white silk muslin, gathered very full, and held down by a V of colored ribbon from the shoulder to the waist, across which are three bands, from side to side, holding down the redundance of the muslin. A deep frill of embroidered muslin covers the shoulders, and is graduated to a point at the waist.

Another of these pretty little confections is a yoke of purple sunburst moire, cut in points over the shoulders, and others front and back. Under this is sewn an ecru muslin kerchief, with two rows of insertion above the hem, the point of the kerchief reaching the waist in front, where it is held in place with a velvet rosette. On either side of this point is a jabot fold of the kerchief, which is then gathered into the yoke to the shoulders. The neck is finished with a purple velvet collar and velvet rosettes. These little plastrons, with a bonnet to match, are very useful for the theater, to be worn over a plain frock.

Easily Found.

English Tourist (wild-eyed and frantic)—"Hi, there, guard! I've lost me box—me luggage. Cawn't find it anywhere."

American Railway Official—"Any trousers in it like the pair you've got on? Yes? Then why don't you go into the baggage-room and listen?"—London Wonder.

By and By.

"No," said the very advanced woman, "I shall not wear bloomers any more."

"Why not?"

"The pockets are so easy to find that my husband has gotten into the habit of going through them when I am asleep."—Washington Star.

Prescription by a Rival.

Florence—I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life.

Mabel—Then why don't you marry him?—Vogue.

A Timely Suggestion.

He—I'd like to see the father that would frighten me.

She—Wait until I meet yours; I'll make him toe the mark.

She—Be careful where you place the mark.—Sketch.

SHE WAITED WITH PATIENCE.

Tardy Guests Did Not Disturb the Hostess After She Had Eaten a Bun.

I sat in a well known and popular restaurant not long ago, and my sympathies went out to a couple seated near me, says a writer in the New York Recorder. Their table was laid for six, and very inviting it looked with its wicked Chianti, its pink and white radishes, appetizing olives and rolls and snow cloth and napkins, with a half dozen wine glasses at each plate. But the rest of the party did not arrive.

Ten minutes passed and then the wife said: "George, I am simply starving to death, and I cannot wait any longer. I must eat a roll, anyway."

"No, no!" interposed her husband. "Don't do that! You'll spoil your appetite, and it's a specially good dinner, you know. They'll be here directly."

But our party had gone from littleneck clams to soup and from soup to lobster, yet the impolite quartet did not put in an appearance. Then the husband rose and seized his hat.

"I'll go out and look for them," he said, nervously, "for something must have happened. They surely wouldn't keep a dinner waiting like this."

So he disappeared, and the moment he was out of sight the wife seized a roll, broke it apart, buttered and devoured it with famished air. Then she brushed away the tell-tale crumbs and sat with an innocent face until her husband arrived. He came back alone and wearing a mighty frown.

"This is absurd," he said, "and there's no excuse for it. He knew the time and place perfectly. Here, waiter, bring us clams and soup for two."

"No, no!" interrupted the wife. "We musn't be ill-bred because they are. We'll wait a little while longer. If I can do it, you can, sure."

"That's true," replied the innocent husband, gazing at her in admiration. "Annie, you're a trump, and no mistake, and you ate such a light luncheon, too."

"Well, I should say I did," was the response, delivered with a Spartan air.

Here the wicked ones arrived, and there was a scraping for chairs, a babble of talk, a frou-frou of sleeves and skirts, and then I heard:

"I hope we haven't kept you waiting?"

To which the hostess responded, as she held herself back from springing, panther-like, upon the first course:

"Why, not at all!"

Talk about the triumphs of civilization!

ISN'T THIS SHOCKING!

Mlle. Dufort Sings "Tha-ra-ra-boum-der-e" in French.

When Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia college, and The Bookman was last sojourning in Normandy he read one day an announcement of the local theater, to the effect that on the following evening a new one-act play would be presented, with the remarkable title of "Miss Kissmy," in which "the forward manners of the typical Mees Anglaise would be held up to the reprobation of a virtuous French audience." As a special attraction it was added that a certain Mlle. Dufort would, in the course of the play, sing the "celebre chanson Anglaise Tha-ra-ra-boum-der-e." What was more, Mlle. Dufort would sing the English words of the song. Prof. Peck took them down as she sang, a feat he could readily accomplish, as she had nine encores from her delighted audience. Here are some of them:—

"Ticket tramway clergyman
Bifteck rumsteck rosbif van,
Sandwich whitebaits lady lunch
Cheri-gobler, whiskey-ponche;

"Aob-yes all right shocking stop
Pel-el why-not moton-chop,
Plum-kek miousic steamer boxe,
Boule-dogue high-life five-o'clock.
Tharara boum der-e, etc."

Her hearers were quite delighted with the words and satisfied with their appropriateness, for there were many (among them "bifteck" and "all right") that they recognized as typical.—Critic.

WHY THEY WEAR BANGS.

The Princess of Wales Has a Scar On Her Forehead.

The Englishwomen have turned coiffure plagiarists. They have stamped as stylish the accompanying way of dress-

THE ENGLISH COIFFURE.

ing the hair. The back is in small puffs, and the sides waved in the hundred-century-ago Parisian fashion. But the Englishwomen cling to the front bang. They follow where the Princess of Wales leads, and it has been said that a scar on the forehead of Her Royal Highness makes a heavy bang necessary.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen an "alexandrite," green by day and red by night. And such a green—olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there. Green when held in the sunlight. In a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.—Edmund Russell.

A Matter of Motive.

Chummy—What would you think of a man that always went round talking to himself?

Grufty—I should say if he did it to listen to himself, he was a fool; if he did it to avoid listening to his friends, he was a genius; and if he did it to save his friends from listening to him, he was a philanthropist.—Truth.

Our Serial Story.

[Copyright 1895, by the Toledo Blade Co.]

AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER XXI.

"To-morrow night we shall be homeless."

Philip's voice shook as he said it.

Homeless!

What a dreary, lonesome sound the word had!

Where were they to go?

He could not think the future out. He could only realize that the old home was to be lost.

"I'm going somewhere," he said, as it began to be night. "I shall go crazy if I stay here."

"Stay with baby and me," pleaded Sarah.

But he would not. The associations of the place, with the thought that it was to pass from his possession on the morrow, drove him nearly wild. He must go somewhere to try to forget as best he might—though to forget he knew was impossible—the change that must take place upon the morrow.

He walked down the road with long strides, as if to get away from the thoughts that pursued him relentlessly. The night was gloomy with clouds and the moaning wind forboded rain. Darkness and storm were in accord with the tumult in his breast.

He came in sight of the store which had, of late, became as much of a resort for idlers as the old red tavern had been. It had lost the respectability which Thompson had given it. The proprietor was not a temperance man, and liquor had been added to the list of articles on sale.

The light from within lured Philip to enter. Several men stood at the end of the store; one man was treating his friends. He looked about as Philip came in, nodded a good evening and ordered another glass filled.

"Have something to drink with us," he said.

Philip was about to refuse, when a wild, burning desire came over him to taste the proffered liquor—a thirst which only that could satisfy. Perhaps the draught would help him forget his trouble for a little time. He took the glass and drained it to its last drop.

Before an hour had gone by the glass had been drained again and yet again, recklessly, defiantly, and Philip's brain was on fire.

Just as the glasses had been emptied for the third time, the door of the store opened and an old man came in—a stranger.

"How far is it to the tavern?" he asked. "I was told back here a ways that there was one somewhere in this vicinity."

"About a mile farther up the road," was the information given him.

"I guess I'll take a paper of smoking tobacco and light my pipe before I go on," the old man said.

The storekeeper handed down the tobacco, and his customer, in paying for it, exhibited a pocketbook well filled with bills, some of them of large denomination.

The sight of the money brought back to Philip the terrible need he had for it just now.

"If I had some of that old man's money I'd be all right," he said to a man sitting near him. "I wish he were obliged to let me have part of it. He don't need it, and I do. I've a mind to make him divide."

He spoke with the reckless thoughtlessness characteristic of half-drunken persons. It is not probable that he realized what he was saying.

Outside, in the gloom of the October evening, a man was standing, unseen by any one. He was looking in at the window, and through a broken pane he could hear all that was said.

"You might follow him and come the highwayman's dodge," answered the man to whom Philip's remark had been made. "Just 'your money or your life,' you know, and the money'd be forthcoming."

"I'm afraid your plan couldn't be made to work," said Philip. "My God! a quarter of that old man's money would save my home for me. If I only had it."

This last was said more to himself than to any one else. But the man at the window heard it.

"Sterne 'll be glad to see a customer with money," some one remarked. "Don't you go to drinking or gambling, old man, when you get to the tavern to-night, or some of your money'll be missing. It melts like the dew there."

"Curse John Sterne," cried Philip, roused to fierce, drunken anger by the mention of his enemy. He's ruined the Conways, because my father served him just as he ought to have been served years ago. He's a thief and a forger, and he's had one year in state's prison, and he ought to have twenty more. He ruined Robert, and now he thinks he's got me in his clutches. And he'll ruin me if I can't raise a little money. Curse him!"

The liquor was doing its work. Philip was losing his self control.

The eyes of the man outside glared balefully through the murky shadows of the October night. He clutched his hands fiercely together, and ground his teeth something as a wild beast might do who longs to tear his victim in pieces.

"I'm going home," Philip declared, all at once.

No urging could induce him to stay longer.

A swift thought had come of Sarah and little Robert, in the whirl of half-drunken sensations, and a remembrance of the promise he had given his father—the promise he had broken. He would go before he was drunk. Sarah had enough to bear up under without adding that to the burden. The walk home in the cool October air would dissipate the effect of the liquor he had taken.

"Are you going by the tavern?" the old man asked, as Philip went past him to the door. "If you are, I'd like to go along, and have you show me the way."

"You can find it easily enough," was Philip's unamiable answer. He was angry with himself for having given way to temptation, and in no mood for companionship. "It's the first house beyond the swamp."

He strode out and went rapidly towards home.

The road he had to pass over before reaching the tavern was in the deep shadow of thick tamaracks and spruces, and this gloom, coupled with his abstraction, prevented him from seeing or hearing the man who followed close behind him.

Suddenly something soft flapped in his face. A sweet, sickening odor filled his nostrils. Before he could turn to see what it was, or where it came from, a blow from behind felled him to the ground. Then he felt a hand pressing a handkerchief or some similar article to his face, and the sweet, powerful smell came with renewed intensity. A swift drowsiness came over him, and he knew nothing more.

"So far, so good," laughed his unseen pursuer. "Chloroform for the toothache sometimes answers for other purposes."

He dragged Philip under a tree at the side of the road, and groped about until he found a short, knotty club.

"That will do," he said to himself. "Just a tap or two, to knock him senseless, and keep him from making a disturbance, and the thing's done. He's coming."

Presently the man with the club, peering through the gloom from behind a stunted cedar, saw the old man coming along the road slowly.

When he was opposite the tree, the watcher stepped out from his place of concealment. He waited until the old man was a little in advance. Then he lifted his club and dealt one or two blows upon the stranger's head.

A shrill cry rang through the trees, and seemed to cleave the gloom apart, as the old man fell forward in the road. Then another followed, sharper, louder than the first, a wild, inarticulate call for help. Then the old man was quiet as he lay in a heap among the fallen leaves.

"A big fuss to make over a couple of little knocks," the man with the club said, as he drew the pocketbook from the old man's trousers. A part of the contents he removed and thrust into his own pocket. The balance he rolled up, and fastened in the pocketbook, as if it had been unopened. This he placed in Philip Conway's coat, as he lay under the cedar, insensible. Then he dragged Philip a few rods farther down the road toward home, and dropped him on the edge of the track, in a drunken attitude, with the bloody club near by.

Then he listened. Far down the road he heard eager, excited voices, and knew that some one was coming.

"All right, let them come," he said, as he hurried away. "Who's the thief now, Phil Conway?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"I reckon Phil Conway's pretty hard up," said one of the loungers in the store, after Philip had gone out. "He's seemed down in the mouth for some time back. Well, 'tain't much to be wondered at; he's had a pile o' bad luck in the last year. Everything seems to work agin him."

Then a silence fell upon the group, and nothing was said for several moments.

Suddenly through the night came a sharp, wild cry, followed a few seconds later by another. No words could be distinguished, but that it was the cry of some person in distress was evident. The men in the store crowded to the door and listened. Nothing more was heard.

"Some ones' in trouble," said one of the men.

"Yes, that's plain," spoke up another. "The sound came from up the road tow'rd Sterne's, didn't it?"

"Yes, the wind's from that way. That's what made it seem so near by."

"We'd better look into it," was suggested. "Mebbe somethin's happened to somebody, and help's needed. Let's go up the road tow'rds the tavern an' see."

"All right," was the rejoinder, and the party set off.

They had not gone far before the foremost man in the party stumbled over something in the road.

"Be careful, Brand," he said to the man behind him. "There's a log in the path. We ought to have brought a lantern along."

The man spoken to put down his hand to feel his way, and started back with a sharp cry. He had touched something warm and wet.

"I don't b'leeve it was a log you fell over," he said to the man ahead. "If I ain't mistaken it's a man."

They gathered about him, and by kneeling down they could see that it was indeed a man that they had found.

"Lift him up, boys, and we'll carry him to some place where we can see what's happened to him," said Brand. "He don't seem to know anything. I reckon he's hurt purty bad, some way."

They lifted the man and bore him to an open spot among the trees.

"It's the old man that stopped at the store," said one of them, after clearing away the moss and leaves clinging to the blood-wet face. "See here," pointing to a spot above the temple, from which the blood was slowly oozing. "There's been foul play, boys."

"Is he dead?" asked Brand. The man bending over the body placed his head upon the heart.

"Yes, he's dead," was the reply. "Anyway, his heart don't beat enough fer a man to feel it."

They took up the body and in an awed, half-frightened silence bore it toward the old red tavern.

It was but a little farther up the road that they came upon Philip, lying by the road in a stupid sleep, and close by the spot they found, later, the club with which death had been dealt to the old man, with a clot of blood and some long gray hair clinging to it.

"See here!" cried Brand shaking Philip roughly as he spoke. "Get up and explain matters if you can. What's the meaning of all this?"

Philip roused up in a bewildered way.

"What's the matter?" he asked struggling to his feet. As he did so, the pocket-book, which had been under his coat, fell to the ground. The moon was shining feebly from a rift in the clouds, and two or three of the men saw the pocket book as it fell.

"Look there," said Brand, pointing to the pocketbook. "I don't know what you think about it," to the men, "but to me it's all as clear as day. Philip Conway, I believe you're a murderer."

The words came crashing the bewildered man's brain like thunder through the stillness of a cloudless day in summer.

A swift thought had come of Sarah and little Robert, in the whirl of half-drunken sensations, and a remembrance of the promise he had given his father—the promise he had broken. He would go before he was drunk. Sarah had enough to bear up under without adding that to the burden. The walk home in the cool October air would dissipate the effect of the liquor he had taken.

"Are you going by the tavern?" the old man asked, as Philip went past him to the door. "If you are, I'd like to go along, and have you show me the way."

"You can find it easily enough," was Philip's unamiable answer. He was angry with himself for having given way to temptation, and in no mood for companionship. "It's the first house beyond the swamp."

He strode out and went rapidly towards home.

The road he had to pass over before reaching the tavern was in the deep shadow of thick tamaracks and spruces, and this gloom, coupled with his abstraction, prevented him from seeing or hearing the man who followed close behind him.

Suddenly something soft flapped in his face. A sweet, sickening odor filled his nostrils. Before he could turn to see what it was, or where it came from, a blow from behind felled him to the ground. Then he felt a hand pressing a handkerchief or some similar article to his face, and the sweet, powerful smell came with renewed intensity. A swift drowsiness came over him, and he knew nothing more.

"So far, so good," laughed his unseen pursuer. "Chloroform for the toothache sometimes answers for other purposes."

He dragged Philip under a tree at the side of the road, and groped about until he found a short, knotty club.

"That will do," he said to himself. "Just a tap or two, to knock him senseless, and keep him from making a disturbance, and the thing's done. He's coming."

Presently the man with the club, peering through the gloom from behind a stunted cedar, saw the old man coming along the road slowly.

When he was opposite the tree, the watcher stepped out from his place of concealment. He waited until the old man was a little in advance. Then he lifted his club and dealt one or two blows upon the stranger's head.

A shrill cry rang through the trees, and seemed to cleave the gloom apart, as the old man fell forward in the road. Then another followed, sharper, louder than the first, a wild, inarticulate call for help. Then the old man was quiet as he lay in a heap among the fallen leaves.

"A big fuss to make over a couple of little knocks," the man with the club said, as he drew the pocketbook from the old man's trousers. A part of the contents he removed and thrust into his own pocket. The balance he rolled up, and fastened in the pocketbook, as if it had been unopened. This he placed in Philip Conway's coat, as he lay under the cedar, insensible. Then he dragged Philip a few rods farther down the road toward home, and dropped him on the edge of the track, in a drunken attitude, with the bloody club near by.

Then he listened. Far down the road he heard eager, excited voices, and knew that some one was coming.

"All right, let them come," he said, as he hurried away. "Who's the thief now, Phil Conway?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"I reckon Phil Conway's pretty hard up," said one of the loungers in the store, after Philip had gone out. "He's seemed down in the mouth for some time back. Well, 'tain't much to be wondered at; he's had a pile o' bad luck in the last year. Everything seems to work agin him."

Then a silence fell upon the group, and nothing was said for several moments.

Suddenly through the night came a sharp, wild cry, followed a few seconds later by another. No words could be distinguished, but that it was the cry of some person in distress was evident. The men in the store crowded to the door and listened. Nothing more was heard.

"Some ones' in trouble," said one of the men.

"Yes, that's plain," spoke up another. "The sound came from up the road tow'rd Sterne's, didn't it?"

"Yes, the wind's from that way. That's what made it seem so near by."

"We'd better look into it," was suggested. "Mebbe somethin's happened to somebody, and help's needed. Let's go up the road tow'rds the tavern an' see."

"All right," was the rejoinder, and the party set off.

They had not gone far before the foremost man in the party stumbled over something in the road.

"Be careful, Brand," he said to the man behind him. "There's a log in the path. We ought to have brought a lantern along."

The man spoken to put down his hand to feel his way, and started back with a sharp cry. He had touched something warm and wet.

"I don't b'leeve it was a log you fell over," he said to the man ahead. "If I ain't mistaken it's a man."

They gathered about him, and by kneeling down they could see that it was indeed a man that they had found.

"Lift him up, boys, and we'll carry him to some place where we can see what's happened to him," said Brand. "He don't seem to know anything. I reckon he's hurt purty bad, some way."

They lifted the man and bore him to an open spot among the trees.

"It's the old man that stopped at the store," said one of them, after clearing away the moss and leaves clinging to the blood-wet face. "See here," pointing

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Result of Free Coinage.

L. V. S., Kenago, Miss., writes: "In reply to E. F. W., Simpson, Miss., you say: 'Under free coinage at 16 to 1 the silver dollar would fall to its bullion value.' In the same issue (Sept. 20), on editorial page, under heading of 'The Silver Ring,' you say, 'This combine is playing a desperate game, but for splendid stakes. If it can fool the people, through the falsehoods and fallacies of men like the author of Coin, into electing men to Congress who will enact a free coinage law at 16 to 1, it will make anywhere from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000, depending on the time, the amount of bullion it will have on hand, and other circumstances and conditions now largely speculative.' Now, if the silver dollar would fall to its bullion value, in what way would a benefit to owners of bullion? I cannot see how both propositions can be true."

Both statements would be realized, not both at once, but one after the other. The latter would be realized first, then the former one follow at once. The probabilities are because of such a bill would be known before Congress had formally acted upon it, of course. Then a speculative boom in silver bullion would result just as there did at the passage of the Sherman law, when silver ran up to over $1 an ounce, and then within a few days fell back to a lower point than that from which it started.

The combination would sell their bullion carefully, just letting enough go each day to keep up the speculative fever, but not enough to supply the demand, and thus break the price. By the time the bill would become a law, they would have unloaded the whole mass of silver, at prices ranging, probably, from 85 cents to $1.15 or $1.20 per ounce.

As soon as the bill became a law, and very probably as soon as it became absolutely certain the bill would pass, the situation set forth in our reply to E. F. W. would be realized. Silver would tumble in price, the foolish specie basis be ruined, and the standard of our values be the silver dollar, with a purchasing power probably but little more than half that of the gold dollar.

A speculative feature of exactly this kind is now going on in Europe in "Kaffirs," which is the nickname for South African mining stocks. See editorial on "A Speculative Craze," in Weekly Blade of Oct. 20, 4th page, 1st column.

An Old Problem.

E. S., Carson City, Mich., sends this old problem: "If a man stands on the platform of the hind car of a moving train, which has a velocity of 30 miles per hour, and shoots a ball from a rifle in the opposite direction, with a velocity equal to that of the train (i. e. 30 miles per hour), what will be the course of the ball?"

The problem is purely theoretical, for a rifle ball, or any projectile, has its greatest velocity at the instant it leaves the muzzle, and that velocity decreases steadily until the ball comes to rest. Hence, the ball would fall to the earth at an indefinite point in the rear of the train, and some distance back of the point in space at which the rifle was fired.

But, assuming that the condition could be fulfilled—that is, the rifle ball be given the velocity exactly equal to that of the train—it would strike the earth at a point exactly in a vertical line from the muzzle (which we must suppose projects over the rear end of the last car). For, the ball partakes of the motion of the train, and is going forward with it at the rate of 30 miles per hour. The force of the powder, if the rifle were at rest, would give it a velocity of 30 miles per hour in an opposite direction. Hence the two would neutralize each other, and as soon as the ball left the muzzle of the gun it would drop in a vertical line to the ground. The ball would have to leave the barrel of the rifle in order to allow the gases of the explosion of the powder to find vent.

Paganism in the United States.

M. L., Ottawa, O., asks: "Will you please tell me how many heathen places of worship there are in the United States where situated, and of what nationality?"

"There are 47 Chinese temples in the United States, located, we think, in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and probably in other cities.

What is "the West?"

"Old Subscriber," Belvidere, Ill., asks: "What states are designated in political geography as the West, and will the West have a majority in the coming Congress?"

"There can be no accurate definition of the 'West.' It was originally applied to all the country west and north of the Ohio river. All people east of Ohio mean this when they speak of 'the West.' An Ohio man is a 'Western man' to them. Here in Ohio we call ourselves part of the West, and include in that term all west of us to the Pacific, and north of Arkansas and Texas. We find that the term 'the West' is used in some parts of the Western country as meaning only the states west of the Mississippi.

"There is no issue on which the entire West, no matter which definition you take, is united; hence there is nothing that would make that section an unit in the coming Congress.

The Naval Academy.

L. R. J., Union Grove, N. Y.: The cadets are appointed to the United States naval academy at Annapolis precisely in the same way they are to the military academy at West Point. One cadet is allowed for each Congressional district, and one for each territory and the District of Columbia. The representative in Congress from the district appoints the cadet. As the course is six years, there is one appointment from each district once in six years.

Cadets, when appointed, must be actual residents of the district from which appointed. They must be not under 15 nor over 20 years old physically sound, well formed, and of robust condition. The physical examination is even more severe than that for West Point, and the requirements as to education are practically the same as for the military academy.

Cadets, after passing examination, required to sign articles binding themselves to serve, if required, eight years, including the time spent at the academy, unless sooner discharged. The pay is $500 a year, from date of admission. The course of study is six years—four in the academy and two at sea. At the close of the third year the class is divided into the Line Division and the Engineer Division. At the end of the six years' course, appointments to fill vacancies in the line and the marine corps are made from the Line Division, and to fill vacancies in the engineer corps from the Engineer Division. Graduates who do not receive appointments receive a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge and one year's sea pay.

The Rank of Admiral.

O. G. P., New Richmond, O.: There are no admirals in the navy. The only admirals we ever had were D. G. Farragut and D. D. Porter. The rank was created for Farragut, with reversion to Porter, by act of July 25, 1866, and that date Farragut was promoted admiral and Porter was made vice-admiral, that rank having been created at the same time. On August 14, 1870, Farragut died, and Porter became admiral, and Rear Admiral Stephen Rowan became vice-admiral. The grade was limited to the first two holders, so when Vice-Admiral Rowan died on March 14, 1879, his rank expired, and when Admiral Porter died on February 13, 1891, his rank also expired.

Pitcairn Island.

W. H. B., Colorado Springs, Colo.: The story of Pitcairn Island is this: In 1788 the British government sent the ship Bounty to Tahiti to transport breadfruit trees to the West Indies. The captain was named Bligh, under whom the crew mutinied. On April 28, 1789, Bligh and nineteen others were set adrift, and the Bounty, commanded by Fletcher Christian, put into Tahiti, where nine men and nine women, natives, came on board. Bligh and his companions were rescued and reached England in 1790. Before the Bounty had disappeared. In 1808 Captain Folger, commanding the American whaler Topaz, put into Pitcairn island. To his surprise he found the island inhabited by English speaking persons, descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty and their Tahitian wives. The only survivor of the mutineers in 1808 was Alexander Smith, alias John Adams, who had been converted by reading the Bible. He had drawn up a code of laws based on the Mosaic code, and had brought up the people in accordance with it. Smith, better known as John Adams, remained head of the colony till his death in 1829, when he was succeeded by an English sailor named Nobbs, who in 1852 went to England and was ordained a clergyman. In 1856 the British government deported the islanders to Norfolk island to give them more room. In 1859 two families returned to Pitcairn; others have followed, and when last the island was heard from there were about 100 residents.

Terms Used in Speculation.

A. A. W., Winamac, Ind., asks: "What do all the terms used in stock speculation mean?"

In speculation of any kind, a "bull" is a person (or "operator") who believes that prices are going up; a "bear" believes they are going down. A bear sells "short;" that is, he sells at a high price stock that he hasn't got, hoping to buy it at a lower rate and so make money. A "bull" likes to be "long" of a stock (to have plenty of it) if he thinks it is going up in price; then he will sell at an advance. A "margin" is a certain amount of money put up by a speculator in the hands of his broker, generally a small percentage of the value of a certain stock. The broker buys the stock "on a margin" and holds it "for a rise." If the price goes up he sells, and the speculator makes the money, getting back his "margin" and the advanced price. If it falls in price the speculator loses his "margin" and his stock, unless he increases his margin. A "lamb" is a greenhorn, who tries to speculate. He is apt to be "shorn." A "corner" is where an operator secures control of all the shares of a certain stock; the object is to make the "bears" who have sold "short" pay higher prices for the stock, which they must buy to cover their shortage.

The Term "Lloyds."

"Subscriber," Wheeling, W. Va., asks: "Why are some insurance companies and steamship companies called 'Lloyds'?"

In the latter part of the seventeenth century Edward Lloyd kept a tavern in Tower st., London, which was frequented by merchants and underwriters of insurance men. When one underwriter had too large a risk for himself, he would divide it among his friends, so in time "Lloyds" began to mean a company of underwriters. Lloyds' rooms are in the Royal Exchange now, where they have been since 1774. The name was so well known as meaning a combination of ship owners and insurance men that when some German merchants at Bremen and some Austrians at Trieste combined to start steamship lines they took the name. So we have the North German Lloyds and the Austrian Lloyds. The differences between a Lloyds company and a mutual company is this: A mutual company is composed of persons who insure one another; a Lloyds company, of persons who insure other people. There are "fire Lloyds" now and "plate glass Lloyds" as well as maritime Lloyds.

Proper Dimensions of a Flag.

C. W., Ottawa, Kan., asks for "the proper dimensions of an United States flag 12 feet long?"

The length of a flag is termed the "fly." The width is the "hoist." The blue square in the corner is the "union."

A flag with a 12-foot "fly" should have a "hoist" of 6 1-3 feet and the "union" should be 4 4-5 feet long and extend down to include the fourth red stripe. The union should be about 3 feet 5 inches in depth.

"Overproduction" of Wheat.

"Populist," Lincoln, Neb., asks whether "there has been overproduction or underconsumption of wheat? What was the production since 1873? And are the figures reliable?"

The statistics of wheat production, in the United States and the world at large, have never been as accurate as they ought to have been. This is especially true of the totals for the world, which are only estimates. Different authorities disagree widely as to the figures for the world. In the United States the official statistics of the department of agriculture have been as follows: 1874, 290,102,709 bushels; 1875, 295,136,000; 1876, 289,356,000; 1877, 364,196,146; 1878, 420,122,490; 1879, 448,756,630; 1880, 498,549,868; 1881, 383,280,000; 1882, 564,185,470; 1883, 421,086,160; 1884, 512,765,000; 1885, 357,112,000; 1886, 457,218,000; 1887, 456,329,000; 1888, 415,868,000; 1889, 490,560,000; 1890, 399,262,000; 1891, 611,780,000; 1892, 515,949,000; 1893, 396,131,725; 1894, 445,000,000; 1895, about 460,000,000. The government figures for the last two years are believed by the experts in the grain trade to be much too small. The production of the world was calculated at about 2,000,000,000 bushels until a few years ago. Now it is estimated at more than 2,200,000,000. It is believed to have exceeded 3,000,000,000 in one or two years. These statistics do not show a very great rate of increase in the world's wheat supply, but it must be kept in mind that only 3 per cent of the crop of any year cannot be used it becomes a burden upon the market altogether disproportionate to the actual bulk of the surplus. In consequence of the intensest production, although the United States, especially in 1891, and of the beginning of an export movement of 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 bushels a year from the Argentine Republic, the world's "visible supply" of wheat—that is, the wheat in elevators and warehouses at great grain depots and on shipboard in transit to Europe—has been about 100,000,000 bushels larger, at all seasons, for the past two or three years, than it was before that time. That is the best possible proof of the overproduction of wheat. It is absurd to say, as some shallow agitators do, that the trouble with the wheat market has been underconsumption, and that if people were better off they would easily dispose of all the food in the world. The number of persons living in civilized countries who do not have all that they want to eat, as far as mere quantity goes, is too small to affect grain trade statistics. It is quite probable that if everybody in the world had a steady, comfortable income the quantity of wheat eaten would be rendered less instead of greater. More dance food would be used in greatly increased volume, but the consumption of bread would hardly be affected much.

Postoffice Questions.

O. M. A., Vicksburg, Mich., asks: "Are postmasters instructed to withhold information regarding who calls for mail entrusted to their care?"

Yes. The postal regulations forbid the imparting of any such information. Section 462, Postal Laws and Regulations, says:

"Postmasters and other postal officers and employes are strictly prohibited from examining public mail addresses or private information obtained by them in the discharge of their official duties. The names and addresses upon letters and other articles of mail matter are for the sole purpose of enabling them to make delivery to the persons intended. Such names and addresses are to be regarded as confidential, and this confidence must be respected."

The prohibition, you will see, if not only against furnishing names and addresses, but also "private information;" and the name of a person calling for mail certainly comes under this prohibition.

Subscriber, Agency, Iowa, asks: "Is it lawful to close the postoffice for an hour at noon, and all day on so-called legal holidays, as enacted by the states? (As a matter of course, the office must be opened at the hour of the arrival of the mail.) Please state on what days and at what hours the postoffice may be closed, and how long remain closed."

Section 483, Postal Laws and Regulations, says specifically that "postoffices are not to be closed at meal hours. As to the other question, Sunday is made a holiday by state law, just the same as Thanksgiving Day, July 4, and other holidays. The rule is the same for all of them—just the same as the Sunday regulation.

No National Holiday.

McF., Live Oak, Cal.: The law of Congress creating Labor Day a holiday is of effect only in places directly subject to federal authority like the District of Columbia, and persons in government employ elsewhere in the country. Where Labor Day is a legal holiday in any state, it is in consequence of legislation by the state. There is no national holiday made so by act of Congress.

Miscellaneous.

W. G. E., Bloomdale, O.: An Indian who settles down on land and pays taxes becomes a full-fledged citizen of the United States.

J. H. C., Falk's Run, Va.: The United States can not be sued by a foreign nation, though it can be by a citizen of a foreign country.

W. G. E., Bloomdale, O.: The international date line was recommended by the naval authorities of the leading nations, and was accepted by all without any special legislation. It has not been changed since its establishment.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Poverty's Factory, by Stanley L. Krebs, M. A., is published in the Beacon Library Series of the Arena Publishing company, Boston. This is a very earnest presentation of the evils of the existing extremes of great wealth and dire poverty, and an effort to suggest a practicable remedy therefor. The arraignment of the nation for its apathy under conditions that are in certain ways, growing worse instead of better, is a very severe one. The book will bear a thoughtful reading.

The Coming of Theodora is a good, strong, readable story by Eliza Orne White, which comes from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. It is full of incidents without being sensational, and withal in some ways extremely amusing. Theodora had been separated twelve years from her only brother; she left Edgecomb when 16 to obtain a college education, and afterward had been a teacher of political economy and history in a Western college. Her brother and wife and three children, after living abroad for some years, had returned and settled again in Edgecomb, and are waiting "the coming of Theodora" for a long visit, when the story opens. What follows her coming makes up the gist of the story.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, also send out a beautiful new edition of Eugene Sue's great novel, The Wandering Jew. It has 18 full page illustrations including two photogravure frontispieces. It is printed from new plates made from the original Chapman and Hall edition, by far the best of the extant translations. In its breadth of canvas, its scope of human emotions, its variety of incident and enthralling grasp of development, this romance still holds its own as one of the immortal masterpieces of French literature.

Under the Red Flag, by Edward King, is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. It is a story of adventures of three American boys during the insurrection of the Paris Commune in 1871. Its author, the well known special correspondent and author, Edward King, was one of the few Americans who saw the Commune from its beginning in the winter to its terrible ending in the seven days' fighting in May, and his pictures of the sanguinary events are life-like and thrilling.

Robert Bros., of Boston, are now issuing a new edition of the best works of John Galt in an attractive form. Galt wrote many things which would not be of interest at the present time, including many novels and dramas, to say nothing of books of travel now sadly out of date, but his Annals of the Parish, written nearly one hundred years ago and acknowledged to be a correct picture of life at that time, will repay perusal. His characters move along smoothly and evenly in their quaint Scottish ways, and were born, lived, and died in a prosaic fashion, but they are interesting, nevertheless, as Galt portrays them.

A Sherburne Romance, by Amanda M. Douglas, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. This prettily told story is a sort of sequel to the popular Sherburne series, although complete in itself. The publisher has this to say of it: A curious circumstance connected with the letters which her previous book elicited, is that several of them pleaded that Lyndell Sherburne, the heroine, should have a love story and "live happy ever after." That is what the author has now done and Lyndell's romance is sure to give great pleasure and satisfaction to her numerous admirers.

Clarence, the last volume in the complete edition of Bret Harte's works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is one of the most attractive of the new novels of the season. The scene is laid in Washington, during the stirring times of the war, and the intense high pressure of life in those days is thrillingly reproduced in many scenes. President Lincoln is introduced in the story and it is told with all the fascination which belongs to the author's writings. The reader will not be likely to lay it down until finished.

The Way of a Maid is a novel by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, the author of Cuckoo Songs, etc., and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. It is a sweet and wholesome story of domestic life and tangled loves of two typical Irish families, an old-fashioned tale of love's heartburnings, mistakes, and final conquest, but the new setting and scenes among which the story is laid, gives it that quality which recreates the old and invests it with novelty and human interest. It is much to have written a first novel so full of genuine power and pleasing charm—it is more in these days to have conceived one which may be read by all, and introduced without fear into any home.

In Defiance of the King is a story of the American Revolution, by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, which is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. It is a book well told, full of stirring incidents which thrill the reader and brings a vivid realization of the perils and sufferings of those old days.

An Old Maid's Love is a Dutch tale told in English by Maarten Maartens, and published in the Belgravia series of the United States Book company. The story is not a translation, but is written by the author of The Sin of Joost Avelingh, in English, and not in his native tongue. Its revelations of life and the manners and customs of this historic people will especially interest all descendants of their descendants scattered all over the states of the Union.

A good, healthy book for boys is Jack Midwood, or Bread Cast Upon the Waters. The author is Edward S. Ellis, whose stories appeal to the best parts of a boy's nature, directing him in the path of honesty and straightforwardness and heroism, while at the safe time tickling them with their humorous descriptions of familiar incidents. Such a book is Jack Midwood. The hero is a telegraph operator, and the possibilities of dramatic action suggested by his avocation are abundantly fulfilled. There are trains robberies and other exciting happenings, and in them all Jack Midwood stands out in bold and picturesque relief. The Merriam company, New York, are the publishers.

The Woman Suffrage Movement in the United States is the title of a little book from the press of the Arena Publishing company, Boston, by a lawyer who does not give his name. The writer is undoubtedly sincere in his view of the subject, but he has hashed up a series of arguments worn threadbare from the Bible and elsewhere to prove that the woman should be content to travel on allowing the laws to be made for her, while she reigns in the home when she has one to reign in.

The Red Star is the latest story in the Autonym Library, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city. It opens with a mysterious marriage in Russia, under the czar's order. Left alone in the chapel, the wretched groom finds the bride that he is already married. The insulted woman spurns him, almost crushes him under her heel, though there was no slighted love, for love had never entered into the compact. When next the two meet he is a prisoner; a Russian officer. She is in disguise as a French officer on Murat's staff, for the time of the story is that of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. And then come innumerable thrilling adventures, which hold's the reader's interest to the end.

Half a Dozen Boys is an every-day story by Anna Chapin Ray, for which we by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York city. This is a new edition of a book which five years ago won great popularity among the young people. It chronicles the adventures of six boys, and the story is told with such an air of reality as to make them present to the reader. The new edition, with its cleverly drawn, animated illustrations, will not fail to attract not only new readers, but many who have already made the acquaintance of the lively six, and followed them in their little history.

Her Predicament.

This is what we heard in the theater the other night: They were in a private box, and she was both pretty and prettily dressed. But she was in a bad temper because she could not see the stage.

"Why," said he, trying to mollify her, "did you not bring your opera glass?"

"I did, but I can't use it."

"Is it broken?"

"No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Edible.

"If I were a bird," the mamsel cried,
"Oh, what would you do, lover bold?
With high flashing eye,
The youth made reply:
"I would order a bottle cold."
—Detroit Tribune.

The Only Explanation.

Sappeigh—I have been married over ten years and my wife has never yet uttered a cross word to me.

Happeigh—God, old fellow, I had no idea you married a deaf mute.—Truth.

From Sun to Sun, Womans Work is never done

It is a constant round of care and toil from which there is no escape How essential, then, are health and strength, and yet with how many women these are altogether lacking. They are tired all day and unable to sleep at night. In this condition the system will soon break down.

Restore the Strength,

overcome that tired feeling, build up the system by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late. This great medicine is exactly what overworked women need. It makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, gives strength to the nerves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

TAKING CHANCES.

WOMEN ARE CARELESS.

They Over-Estimate Their Physical Strength. Advice to Young Women.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Women are very apt to over-estimate their strength and overtax it.

When they are feeling particularly well, they sometimes take chances which in the long run cause them much pain and trouble. This is due largely to their not fully realizing how delicate their sensitive organism is.

The girl who has just become a woman can hardly be expected to act wisely, everything is so new to her. She, however, should be told; and every woman should realize that to be well her "monthly periods" should be regular. Wet feet, or a cold from exposure, may suppress or render irregular and fearfully painful the menses, and perhaps sow the seed for future ill health.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will ever be the unfailing remedy in such cases as well as all the peculiar ailments of women. Millions of women live to prove this. Mrs. M. L. Verrill tells plainly what it has done for her:—

"I will write you a few lines to tell you what my troubles were before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It was the same old story,—my back and lower part of my abdomen and painful menstruation. Of course it was female weakness. The doctors (I have tried five different ones) called it chronic inflammation of the womb.

"I had leucorrhœa for over eight years, ulcers on the neck of the womb, terrible headaches and backaches. Your medicine completely cured me." — Mrs. M. L. Verrill, 223 Newell Ave., Pawtucket, R.I.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANS MEET.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS.

Senator Hoar President of the Congress—Edward Everett Hale.

The most important Unitarian meeting ever held in America began on Monday, Oct. 21. The National Unitarian conference convened in Washington, D. C. The meeting is officially known as the "National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches." Hon. George F. Hoar, of Worcester, is president, and the vice-presidents are Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Hon. John D. Long, of Massachusetts; Hon. Dorman

PRESIDENT GEORGE F. HOAR.

B. Eaton, of New York; Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, of Chicago; Hon. Horace Davis, of San Francisco, and Edward W. Clarke, of Philadelphia.

At the conference the Rev. Minot J. Savage preached the opening sermon, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of Washington, chief of the bureau of

VICE PRESIDENT J. S. MORRILL.

labor statistics, made the opening address. Among the other opening addresses were that of Rev. George Patchelor, of Boston, secretary of the Unitarian association, and chairman of the council of the National Conference. The Rev. Brooke Herford, of London, formerly pastor of the Arlington Street church, represents the British and foreign Unitarian association, and made an extended address on the foreign field. The present pastor of Arlington Street church, the Rev. John Cuckson also spoke on "Christianity and Modern Democracy."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale also spoke on "Our Congregational Polity." His

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

torian John Fiske talked about "The Origin of Liberal Thought in America," and Harvard college was represented by the dean of the theological faculty, Prof. C. C. Everett, whose subject is "Our Unitarian Theology," and by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, on "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems."

New Discovery for Kidneys and Bladder.

We can give sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism good advice, and that is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 41 Fourth ave., New York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be sent to you free and postpaid, if you send your name and address.

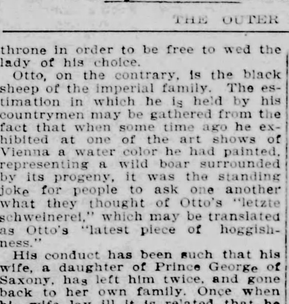
AUSTRIA'S NEXT EMPEROR.

Either Archduke Francis Ferdinand or the Hated Otto.

To appreciate the anxiety with which people in Europe, especially in Austria-Hungary, are watching the progress of the serious illness of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who visited this country during the World's Fair, it is necessary to remember that in the event of his death Archduke Otto, his younger brother, the most execrated member of the House of Hapsburg, becomes heir presumptive to the throne. While not a brilliant man, Francis Ferdinand is immeasurably superior to Otto. There has been no serious scandal associated with his name, and, moreover, he possesses certain accomplishments which go far to disprove the stupidity with which he has been taxed by many writers not personally acquainted with him.

The prince is an engineer, has secured his diploma as such, and enjoys nothing so much as driving the locomotive of an express train. He understands machinery, and is of an inventive turn of mind. Indeed, he might have earned a handsome competence, if not a fortune, had he not been in his own right one of the wealthiest princes of the Old World.

Besides this, he has written one or two graceful monographs, notably one on the celegrated Field Marshal Radetski, which has attracted notice by reason of the high-souled patriotism apparent in every line, and has also published two volumes of extremely pretty Alpine poetry. Like most of his countrymen, he is devoted to music

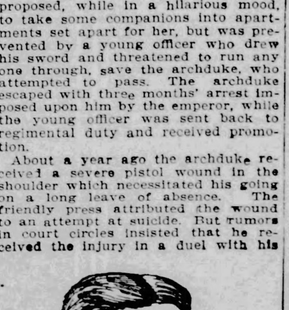


ARCHDUKE OTTO.
(He Would Inherit if Francis Ferdinand Dies.)

and is something of a composer, having put upon paper for the first time the score of several of those old Styrian melodies which until then had never been written, being merely handed down from father to son.

He is recognized as one of the best sporting shots in the Austro-Hungarian empire. His exploits as a shikart in India earned for him considerable celebrity in Queen Victoria's great Eastern dependency, and some of them are recorded, quite modestly and naturally, in the entertaining book he has written of his trip around the world.

There has always been a certain amount of romance attached to his name in connection with the persistence with which he remains single. His younger brother married long ago and has a large family. The archduke is accredited with having lost his heart to a lady whom he can never hope to wed. Had it not been for the popular aversion to his brother Otto, there is reason to believe that he would long since have renounced his rights to the



ONE BOAT WITHIN THE OTHER.

THE OUTER HULL SINKING.

throne in order to be free to wed the lady of his choice.

Otto, on the contrary, is the black sheep of the imperial family. The estimation in which he is held by his countrymen may be gathered from the fact that when some time ago he exhibited at one of the art shows of Vienna a water color he had painted, representing a wild boar surrounded by its progeny, it was the standing joke for people to ask one another what they thought of Otto's "letzte schweinerei," which may be translated as Otto's "latest piece of hoggishness."

His conduct has been such that his wife, a daughter of Prince George of Saxony, has left him twice, and gone back to her own family. Once when his wife lay ill it is related that he proposed, while in a hilarious mood, to take some companions into apartments set apart for her, but was prevented by a young officer who drew his sword and threatened to run any one through, save the archduke, who attempted to pass. The archduke escaped with three months' arrest imposed upon him by the emperor, while the young officer was sent back to regimental duty and received promotion.

About a year ago the archduke received a severe pistol wound in the shoulder which necessitated his going on a long leave of absence. The friendly press attributed the wound to an attempt at suicide. But rumors in court circles insisted that he received the injury in a duel with his

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND.
Heir to the Throne of Austria-Hungary, brother-in-law, Prince John of Saxony.

When a man tries to commit suicide he does not usually discharge a pistol at his right shoulder.

It is of Archduke Otto, too, that the story is told of his stopping a peasant's funeral to permit himself and his companions to amuse themselves by leaping his horse to and fro over the bier.

Emperor Francis Joseph not only detests him, but is said on one occasion to have struck him in the face in a fit of fury.—New York World.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanant cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Silver Anniversary.

Mrs. Watts—Why were you not at the church Thursday night?

Mrs. Potts—I was out of the city. What was going on?

Mrs. Watts—We celebrated the silver anniversary of the boy evangelist's work in the missionary field. Oh, we had a lovely time.—Indianapolis Journal.

Frigid.

He—Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.

She—Why so?

He—They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.—Indianapolis Journal.

PAST AND PRESENT.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To the swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
—Thomas Hood.

IN THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

S. R. Callaway Has No Desire to Leave the Nickel Plate.

Samuel R. Callaway, formerly president and receiver of the Clover Leaf, is a very much talked of man just now in railroad circles. An Associated Press dispatch which was published in The Blade some time ago, stated that Mr. Callaway had been offered the general managership of the Grand Trunk. The next day Assistant General Manager Sargent, of the Grand Trunk, denied the announcement. Now comes the Buffalo Courier, and publishes a denial of General Manager Sargent's denial. It comes from a prominent railway official, and is as follows: "I happen to know, and you can state it as a positive fact, that Mr. Callaway was offered and declined the place, that the new management of the Grand Trunk is exceedingly anxious to secure his services, and that all hope of eventually persuading him to accept the offer has not been entirely abandoned. When Mr. Callaway was first asked to consider the proposition it was accompanied with a tender of double the salary he is now receiving, and a contract for five years. When his refusal was made, the offer was renewed, and he was asked to name his own terms for an acceptance. Again he gave a negative reply, and then, being asked by a friend why he would not take the office, he said, 'Because I am not cold-blooded enough for the position. I don't want it at any price.' The fact of the matter is that Mr. Callaway is comparatively a young man, in robust health, and is now in a station that is entirely congenial—he is in the Vanderbilt family. Furthermore he will stay there, and, if health and life are spared, within five years he will be president of the New York Central."

WITH TWO HULLS.

In Case One Sinks the Other Will Float Safely On.

A unique departure in shipbuilding has been suggested by Julius Guiman, of Berlin, who proposes to build two hulls, one within the other, so that in the event of the outside hull meeting with any accident and sinking the other hull will continue to float, says the Philadelphia Record. The model, built by the inventor upon a small scale, has demonstrated positively that his idea is correct in the main, and it remains for the naval engineers to improve the construction of these double ships so they may be applied to the passenger steamers crossing the Atlantic. The model exhibited by the inventor consists of an outer ship, "B," and an inner ship, "A." Fig. 1. He proposes to have all cabins and living quarters for the crew within "A," while the machinery, coal, freight, and ballast would be placed in the outer or carrier-ship, "B." In the eventuality of a collision or other accident at sea, which would cause a ship to sink, the buoyancy of the inner ship, which is supposed not to have suffered, would float it, as shown in Fig. 2; the water entering between the hull of "A" and the inner wall of "B," being sufficient to insure the safety of the inner vessel. It is believed by experts that such a construction will eventually make it possible to offer the greatest safety to travelers on the ocean.

THE WISDOM OF YOUTH.

A schoolmaster, hearing a noise behind him, turned suddenly, and seizing the boy whom he suspected, proceeded to give him a severe whipping. The more vigorously the blows were administered the more heartily the boy laughed. At length the irritated schoolmaster shouted, "What are you laughing at, sir?" "I was laughing at the joke on you sir, ha! ha! you're whipping the wrong boy."

"Who made you?" asked the primary teacher. The little girl addressed evidently failed to be accurate in her reply. "God made me so long"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I growed the rest."

The word altar occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" said the teacher. "A place to burn insects," replied an honest boy. "Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the answer from a little girl, "Them as didn't get married."

A teacher said to her class, "Whom do you especially wish to see when you go to heaven?" "Gerald" was probably the most candid answer she received. There was no hypocrisy in the boy who longed to see the great giant who had been defeated by young David.

The girl who said, "A Republican is a sinner mentioned in the Bible," and the boy who wrote, "There are a good many workers in the theological garden," have evidently received a religious training.

The words "His Satanic Majesty" occurred in a story read in one of the Toledo public schools the other day. "I know who his Satanic Majesty is!" said the teacher. Several hands were raised and the first pupil named promptly replied: "The Inspector."

A young temperance advocate wrote: "Alcoholic beverages greatly obstruct the breaking down of the body," and succeeded in saying exactly the opposite to what he meant. A constructive anatomist volunteered the sentence: "The eyes are set in two sockets in a bone which turns up at the end, and then becomes the nose." A third wrote, "The spine is quite an important bone." Another gave the equally profound answer: "When you have an illness it makes your health bad, as well as having a disease." A girl wrote: "The body is composed chiefly of water, and nearly one-half of it is avaricious tissue."

Mean Thing.

Miss Fussey (hurrying into doctor's office)—"Doctor, look at this. Why are these wrinkles coming around my eyes?"

Doctor (dusily)—"Because you are getting old. Two dollars, please."—New York Weekly.

A Great Problem.

De Tanque—You look worried. What's the matter?

Old Soak—I'm thinking.

"Thinking what?"

"I'm wondering whether it's best to be all full half the time or half full all the time."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Happy Thought.

Testy Grandfather—"So you could not read to me because you felt as if your head was turning around and yet you have been waltzing all night?"

Belle of the Place—"Yes, but I waltzed around in the opposite direction from the way my head was turning."—Truth.

BEATTY PIANO Why pay $350 up for a Large Sized Piano when we sell FOR ONLY $225.00 with Stool, Cover, Book, Over 100,000 Beatty Organs, Pianos in use. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED SET, 56 PIECES. Regular size for family use, not fake about it. We want every person who reads this advertisement to send us their address at once. We mean it; when we send you an offer in black & white & you appreciate it enough to take advantage of it, we will not go back on what we say. We will do anything to get our paper on top. It is one of the best illustrated Family Weekly news & story papers published. You can prove every word we say the truth if you will send 10 cts. silver or 15 cts. stamps to cover expense of postage, mailing, addressing & packing & we will send you the paper every week for 3 months free. We can every spread their choice of Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set free. All sets packed and boxed with care. Address HOME WEEKLY, PREMIUM DEPARTMENT, New York City. P. O. Box 1553

FREE

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

J. P. B., West Virginia: Your yearling steer is affected with actinomycoris, or lump jaw. The most recent treatment of this disease is with iodide of potassium, which in most cases has proven successful. Give the steer 1 1-2 drachms of iodide of potassium daily in one dose, in a pint of water until improvements is noticed, which is in about eight days. Then decrease the dose to 1 drachm. There will be discharge from the nose, weeping of the eyes and peeling off of the outer layer of the skin, but this should cause no alarm, as animals do well under the treatment. As the tumor has opened it will be well for you to wash it once every third day with tincture of iodine. If there is marked improvement, if you use the tincture of iodine, after ten days the quantity of iodide of potassium given inwardly may be reduced to 1-2 drachm. If the disease has not run too long the above treatment will cure.

To Catch Carp.

J. N., Nevada: Fishing for carp with a hook and line is not a certain way of catching them, as they are slow to bite, and will not bite at all if they have been fed regularly. The common angle worm or red worm is as good as a bait as any. Regarding a net to catch them, a common set net, with wings to

Talmage's Sermon.

GAMBLING ON RACES.

Declares That the Race Course Leads to Perdition.

New York, Oct. 21.—In his sermon for Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed a topic which for months past has been a familiar one in the daily press, viz.: "The Dissipations of the Race Course." His text was Job 39: 19, 21, 25, "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpeters, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and multitudes flocked to witness equine competition and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend the public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgement of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off his coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in his text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharoah's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with the horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ coming forth from conquest to conquest represents him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement, as it says: "The armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth shall have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home: "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott had so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his lead son Richard and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was cardeared because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature, God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned 4,000 horses, and some say 40,000, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is not in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, it seems to me that it would only be fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated and frozen and heated and over-driven; into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveler on the highway, or tied to eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or fools with him, so that he recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defense against insectile annoyance that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

I can go further, and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations.

It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled fruits of the ancients into the very poetry of pear, and peach, and plum, and grape, and apple, and the snarling curl of the orient into the genius of the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barnyard has become the Devonshire, and the Alderney, and the Shorthorn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science, or our civilization, or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of perfection, brilliant in his flowing mane of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings, and then driven to the curbstone of opulence, and then fed at luxuriant oat-bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field.

We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm in an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called a prize: "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1,000 or $5,000 or $10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap.

But the sin begins where the betting besins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men and will be accursed by God. If you have won 50 cents or $5,000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some benevolent institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all.

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are all equally leprous; by "auction pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool-seller, as he is deducting his 3 or 4 per cent, and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to arrangement, another may win, and written on every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of state legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools. I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents.

Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy the man. Do not have your name put down in that ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the disciplines of the American race course. Christ asked in one of his gospels: "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is better than all the steeds that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man, in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Repartee.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp-nosed woman.

"I called to see if I couldn't sell you some bakin' powder," said the seedy gentleman with the straggling whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, and I ain't got no time to waste on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman as he fastened his valise, "I wouldn't keer to sell you no powder. This here little dinky kitchen of yours is so low in the ceilin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise."—Indianapolis Journal.

Largest Diamond.

It is said that the largest diamond in the world was found a short time ago in the mines of Bahia de Pernagus, Brazil. The gem is reported to weigh 3,100 carats, which is 2,129 carats heavier than the largest existing diamond.

Degrees.

Bobby—"It took two policemen to carry me home."

Freddie—"That's nothing. I was brought in an ambulance."—Judge.

unfortunate

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate.

Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

A substitute only imitates the original.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. 50c. and $1.00

UNTOLD MISERY FROM RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending $1600 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles

being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.

OLD MIDAS OUTDONE.

FABULOUS RICHES ACCUMULATED BY A LONDON EX-FAKIR.

"Barney" Barnato's Rise—All England Bows at His Feet.

For years Americans have prided themselves on the fact that the United States claimed as citizen the richest man in the world, but within the last few months the tables have turned, and by the side of the millions reported to belong to Mr. "Barney" Barnato, late of Whitechapel, London, England, now "The Kaffir King," the enormous wealth of John W. Rockefeller fades into comparative insignificance.

Fortunes made in a day are not as common in England as they are in America. The opportunities are not as large. The rules of the game are more strict. Some of the practices which gain favor in Wall st. would hardly stand the test of strict surveillance by the governing committee of the London Stock Exchange. So the English public looks with amazement, alarm, indignation or admiration, as the spirit moves it, at the comparatively young man who in a few months has piled up a fortune variously estimated at from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000.

Barnato, like most of the famous actresses of the day, has a past, one, too, that is a matter of considerable mystery, and many vague and not uninteresting stories are afloat concerning it. He is said to have been a barber, a bagman, a broker's clerk, a messenger, a street fakir, a tumbler, circus performer, contortionist and prestidigitateur. It is asserted upon some sides that he made a fortune dealing in African diamonds, on what is known as the I. D. B.—illicit diamond buying—principle, and on the other that when he entered the speculative field in London he was practically penniless.

Whatever his remote past and pedigree, his immediate career is not forbidden to curious eyes. About a year ago, when the London market was lagging principally because of a perfectly natural suspicion of "Yankee rails," there came reports of increased yields of gold in the South African gold fields. Simultaneously with these was the announcement of the formation of companies to develop new mines, and in less than a month trade in "Kaffirs" became the most exciting feature of speculation and the "Kaffir circus" the talk of speculators far and wide.

The gambling fever seized not only the alleged "professional," but it invaded the heart of the British public. Protests were useless. The Times cried the conservative journals inveighed against the "senseless rage" of the gamblers, but with no more effect than the conservatives of John Law's time had on the victims of the "South Sea bubble."

"BARNEY" BARNATO,
The Richest Man in the World.

It was at this stage that "Barney" appeared. He is a young man of Hebrew birth, probably well on the right side of 40, short, crooked-legged and altogether unprepossessing in appearance. He was unknown and unheard of. His success was almost instantaneous. He plunged hevily in pure speculation and made enormous winnings. Then he branched out and formed a company under the name of the "Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company," with a capitalization of something like $3,000,000. It was enormously successful. Other great deals followed, and presently the "Barney shares" and the "Barney groups" became the chief topic of interest to stock dealers. His manipulation of these properties and their shares in the market would fill the soul of the late Jay Gould with envy.

All this time he had been subjected to the shafts of the older hands and to the heavy sarcasms of the London Times. Lately that newspaper was obliged to confess that there are many thousands of Englishmen who place implicit confidence in the honesty and ability of "Barney." Still, there is a note of suspicion in all the Times' comments that the substructure upon which "Barney's" operations are conducted is unsteady and that some day the whole edifice may collapse and bring ruin upon countless thousands.

Recently "Barney" established the Barnato Bank capitalized at $12,500,000. It was announced that all the shares would be taken by the Barnato brothers; that $5,000,000 worth would be reserved, and that a "limited number" would be sold. The trading in these shares developed one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on the London market. For a time there was an almost indescribable frenzy, and the shares were bid up to more than four times their face value. They subsided later, but the confidence of the public is well attested by the fact that they are still quoted at over three times their face value.

"Barney" is building an enormous palace in Park Lane, which will be decorated by great artists. While this is building he lives in Earl Spencer's town house, and there this Whitechapel ex-old clothes man, or whatever he was, flourishes in an atmosphere lately consecrated by the presence of Poyntzes and Seymours.

"The Common People,"

As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands valuntarily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

A Gloat.

On land and sea the Lion gacht
His tail tied in a double knacht;
His cricketers, who strove in vain,
Might sail away for home again
Upon Dunraven's yacht.
—Philadelphia Record.

Short Story.

I.—"I think you are just the bestest, goodest husband in all the world!"

II.—"I wonder how much she wants?"

III.—"And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Easy.

Bilde (on shipboard at sea)—"I feel so sick, my dear, and if I should die and they bury me here you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?"—Tid-Bits.

Better Than a Pension.

A pleasant and profitable business. It pays better than a pension. It is something that almost any person can manage successfully. It is a war exhibition, and the sale of actual war photographs. It is a splendid entertainment, and delights any audience; everybody likes it—men, women, and children. Not imaginary war scenes, but real war photographs taken at the front during the great war. Thousands of genuine war scenes. We give our agents sole right to all the territory they can handle. Come and visit us, and see an exhibition, and we will give you full information on all the points of the business. If you cannot come and see us, write for Catalogue and investigate the matter. You will only need a little money to start the business; you cannot find any other business that will pay you as well, and that you will like as well, as you will this. We give the first preference to comrades, but in case any territory is not applied for by a comrade we will assign it to any other reliable person.

The War Photograph and Exhibition Company.

No. 21 Linden Place, Hartford, Conn.

MINING OF PHOSPHATES.

Where the Deposits Are Found and How They Are Made Marketable.

The Florida phosphate deposits are of great importance, yet their existence was discovered so recently, and their extent is still so uncertain that few persons not engaged in the sale or fertilizing materials have much knowledge of the large industry which has sprung up in the Peninsular State. It has practically created a new city, Ocata, which had a population of but a few hundred in 1870, but is now a thriving business center with modern improvements, banking facilities and ample railway and transportation facilities. Engineering, the leading engineering journal, makes the following statements concerning the region, which are of considerable interest as coming from an unbiased source: "There is no phosphate region in the world known to-day that possesses so many advantages for successful mining as the Florida deposits. The grade of material is the highest average that is being worked anywhere. The facilities for moving the products to points for distribution are good. The average distance from mines to ports for shipment is about 150 miles. The distributing stations for the hard rock district are Port Tampa, Fernandina, Brunswick and Savannah, the largest tonnage being moved from Fernandina, where storage bins are located and loading facilities are good. Port Tampa, the terminus of the Plant system of railroads, is constantly adding facilities for prompt handling of cargoes of phosphate and at present very nearly equals Fernandina in the amount of its shipments. Railroads are numerous and cheaply constructed when necessary to extend them into new sections. The machinery needed to mine and prepare the material is simple and inexpensive compared with that generally used in other mining operations, and the cost of a plant with sufficient land to work upon is within the reach of small investors. The working days at the mines are about 280 during the year. The climate is healthful, laborers readily obtained at a fair compensation, and skilled operatives are those who are becoming familiar with the business. The mining camps are generally well regulated, and proprietors and employes can reside at the mines with safety and with little inconvenience, as supplies of all kind can be readily obtained at the towns located in the near vicinity of all the large mining fields. Telegraph and mail facilities are within easy access of nearly every mining camp in the state. Florida phosphates are mostly shipped to European ports, and are manufactured into fertilizers in England, Ireland, Germany, France and quite recently shipments have been made to the Sandwich Islands. Foreign agents of consumers and dealers in phosphate have their offices near the center of production, and contracts for delivery and prices are commonly fixed at points of shipment, the material being sold at a price per unit of its contents of phosphate of lime. The Florida phosphates are all used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers and superphosphate."—Boston Transcript.

COMMON FLOWERS.

They Lend Themselves Well to Artistic Decorations.

At a church festival a few years ago the ornamental value of one of our commonest wild flowers was shown. One end of the large hall was shut in by a rustic fence elaborately decorated with vines, roses and a mass of creamy-white flowers that were wonderfully dainty in their effect. On the tables inside they offered for sale bouquets of many kinds of rare flowers, and conspicuous among them by its delicate loveliness were cymes of the same creamy-white blossoms. "What do you call them?" asked a gentleman lifting an artistically arranged cluster from a vase of sparkling glass. "Sambucus canadensis," answered the young girl in charge, with a faint, mischievous smile dimpling the corners of her mouth; "named from the ancient musical instrument that was named from the wood." And elder blossoms they were, fragile and sweet as the choicest exotics there.—Garden and Forest.

For Indigestion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. H. MOORE, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have used it in my own family in cases of indigestion and general debility, with entirely satisfactory results."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Winks—What makes you look so blue?

Jinks—I have six daughters, none of them married, or likely to be.

Winks—And are you blue over it? I have six daughters, all married, all have children, and I have to support the whole crowd.—New York Weekly.

Mr. Snippy—Your little boy strongly reminds me of you, Mr. Seedlman—Indeed! But—er—he's only my stepson——

Mr. Snippy—Oh! I don't mean the face, but the way he shouts. It's the same pattern as the ulster you still owe for.—Ally Sloper.

Blahzer—Out in the country where you live don't you find it aggravating to hurry to catch the trains?

Mazner—Oh, no; it's hurrying to miss them that we find aggravating.—Roxbury Gazette.

"If there's any invention dat I have a profound respeck fur," said Meandering Mike, "it's de fountain pen."

"What's de reason?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"Dey never work."—Washington Star.

"Do you like mustaches?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, I dare say I shall have some as I grow up."

"More likely when you begin to grow down."—New York Tribune.

When a man comes back from his vacation and says he feels like a fish out of water it is natural to suppose that some girl has hooked him.—Philadelphia Record.

The Old Man—Where are all my white shirts and collars and ties?

The New Woman—Why, John, this is the girls' afternoon to make calls!—Syracuse Post.

Grief on Top.

Baby Ethel—What was I crying about, mamma, when I went to sleep?

Mamma—Because I wouldn't let you have your new doll.

Baby Ethel—Oh, yes! boo-hoo! boo-hoo! —Harper's Bazar.

Good.

Mistress—Are you a cook?

Applicant—Oi om thot.

Mistress—But are you a good cook?

Applicant—Oi om thot! Oi hovn't missed airly mass in tin years.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 5, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.
Samuel the Judge.

Golden Text: Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7:12.

LESSON TEXT. [illegible]
(1 Sam. 7:5-15.)

5. And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord.

6. And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord. And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpeh.

7. And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

8. And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines.

9. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord: and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

10. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel.

11. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar.

12. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

13. So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel: and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel.

14. And the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored to Israel, from Ekron even unto Gath; and the coasts thereof did Israel deliver out of the hands of the Philistines. And there was peace between Israel and the Amorites.

15. And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life.

Illustrative Applications.

Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpah and I will pray for you (v. 5). We ought to pray for our fellows whether they pray for themselves or not; but it is their duty to put themselves in the attitude of supplication before God, if they would have a blessing from God, or if they would have us interested with God in their behalf. When, therefore, our prayers are asked by others, we ought to call on them to pray for themselves while we pray for them. It may be that we shall do quite as much for our fellows by urging them to come before God as supplicants as by our most fervent intercession in their behalf.

They said, We have sinned against the Lord (v. 6). To quit sinning is not to make one's self pure. If a man decides to give up incell robbing and murder as a steady business, that in itself does'nt make him a good citizen. The guilt of his transgressions is still upon him, and he will never be in a hopeful state until he has confessed himself guilty. All of us have sinned, and it is our duty to confess sin. Sinning will not be permanently abandoned so long as a sense of its sinfulness is lacking in the mind of him who has sinned. "I have sinned," must be, and is sure to be, the hearty confession of every one who turns to the Lord in sincerity.

The children of Israel said to Samuel, Come not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us (v. 8). The instinctive longing of a repentant soul is for an intercessor who does not stand under the same condemnation as the guilty one. Even a little child will ask mamma to intercede with papa. It is rarely that an applicant for favor in any sphere does not ask the intercession or mediation of some one who is supposed to have favor with the one in power, and to have sympathy with the one in need. This longing of the soul is of the very nature, and it is provided for in grace. "There is one God, one mediator also between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus;" and that "man, Christ Jesus," said emphatically, "No one cometh unto the Father, but by me." Only as we seek and have the intercession of Jesus in our personal behalf have we any well-grounded hope of forgiveness from God; but Jesus "is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

The men of Israel went out of Mizpah, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them (v. 11). So long as a man is fighting God, he is likely to be afraid of his fellow-men when they are against him. But when he is sure that God is on his side or that he is on God's side, he ought to be in a very different frame of mind. "If God is for us, who is against us?" Mr. Moody says, in illustration of the faith-filled man's effectiveness in real service: "Shamgar was plowing in his field; a frightened man came running over the hill, crying, 'Shamgar, the Philistines are coming. There are six hundred of 'em.' 'All right,' says Shimgar; 'you pass on, I'll take care of them. They are four hundred short; for one shall chase a thousand, and there are only six hundred of them.' And Shamgar went and finished them up with his ox-goad." That is the sort of faith for a returned backslider, or for a new convert; and that is the way to show it. But the quaint suggestion of Mr. Moody is: "Nowadays it seems to take a thousand to fight one," because of scant faith.

Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us (v. 12). The Lord loves to be loved, loves to be thanked; loves to have his people grateful, and to hear them say so. "Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving," he says, "glorifieth me." That is one way of serving God, in which every saved sinner can have a part. And if there is real gratitude in the heart it will come out, it will find expression in words; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If you are not in the habit of giving thanks to God in words, it is a proof that your heart is not running over full of gratitude.

And there was peace (v. 14). Peace is a result of a restful trust in God; and the enjoyment of peace is the duty of every returned backslider, and of every other forgiven sinner. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee."—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

Wrong Diagnosis.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is rest."

"Rest!" echoed the tall, gaunt caller, rising to his feet and glowering down at him. "Rest! You miserable quack! I'm a walking delegate!"—Washington Star.

The Reward of Wit.

Johnny—Sailors named the Rock of Giraltar, didn't they, pa?

Pa—What makes you think so, sonny?

Johnny—'Cause when they sailed near it they had to hal in their jib-er-alter their course.

Pa—Go and tell your mother to put you to bed.—Texas Siftings.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

IN BLOOMERS.

I cannot mount my wheel, mommer,
I cannot mount my wheel;
You do not yet know how to ride,
You feel not as I feel.
My own attire's banished, mommer,
My bloomers bind the knee.
My skirts are disappearing fast,
And you can't feel for me.

I had a dreadful dream, mommer,
'Twas of my bike at sea:
I saw a form amidst the storm,
I heard myself called "he,"
I heard myself called "he," mommer,
As plain as now I speak.
I thought my brain would burst, mommer,
I thought my heart would break!

I cannot mount my bike, mommer,
I cannot mount my bike:
You know not what I'm like.
That voice that called me o'er the wave
Was that of dear gone Mike.
I cannot mount my bike, mommer,
I will not mount my bike!
—New York Sun.

WE LIKE TO LITIGATE.

Americans Have More Lawsuits Than Any Other Civilized People.

A man of ingenious mind and apparently ample leisure has gone to the trouble of figuring out the number of lawsuits brought in each country in a year, and he has reached the conclusion that the United States is a better country for attorneys and counselors than any other civilized land under the sun, says the Baltimore American. He figures as lawsuits civil actions only, taking into no account proceedings of a criminal character brought by the public authorities against individuals. He has ascertained that, taking the figures for the last ten years as a fair average, there are 1,200,000 lawsuits brought in England every year, 750,000 in France, 1,400,000 in Italy, 3,300,000 in Germany, and 5,500,000 in the United States.

It is not to be inferred from this that the people of one country are much more prone to litigation than are the people of another, but the explanation is to be found in the fact that the conditions of litigation vary exceedingly. Going to law in England is a very extensive business, for it entails outlays in the form of costs and expenses so large that many of the courts are practically closed to persons of modest means, and a long litigation unsuccessfully pursued ends often in bankruptcy. In France the number of lawsuits is kept down through the general practice of arbitration, as many as 100,000 cases in a year, especially those arising from disputes over wages, being settled by this agency without cost to either party. In Germany the majority of suits are petty ones, involving a small amount of money, and due, many of them, to customs or usages which are not sufficiently defined to be, in all cases, similarly understood by both parties to an agreement. This is especially the case in the farming districts of Germany, and there are many legal disputes in the manufacturing districts, too.

The number of cases credited to the United States seems enormous, and it is probably accurate. There are, for example, seven district courts for the disposal of civil cases in New York city. In one of these courts, by recent report, the number of actions brought in a year was known to be 9,100. These courts have before them each year, on an average, 75,000 cases. The cases brought in the state courts of New York amount in a year to about 150,000, and of those brought in the federal courts New York furnishes a very large number. Taking the whole country through, it is seen that the average number of cases per 1,000 of population is in the neighborhood of 75 to 85. The number of lawyers in the United States is materially larger than in any other country in the world, and the amounts in dispute here are much greater than elsewhere.

FAIR STUDENTS

Should Always Dress With Great Simplicity.

Simplicity should be the rule in the gowns worn by college women, but there is less excuse for dowdiness in them than in any other of their sex.

FAIR STUDENT.

"for their names' sake." A chic costume, with bow puffed sleeves and full skirt, now so fashionable, made of one of the pretty winter wools, and trimmed simply with a velvet yoke, belt and crushed collar, is appropriate.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

PERPETRATED BY JUDGE.

No Accident.

Mr. Grogan (with the evening paper)—Phwat's this Oi see! Two yachts turned oopside down?

Mrs. Grogan (burning the steak in her excitement)—Rade it, Moike! How many drowndid?

Mr. Grogan—Wait a bit, thin—it's moi mishtake. Oi had the papir oopside down.

Didn't Care to Play in Her Yard.

Gladys (singing)—You can't slide down my cellar-door.

Harold (who has met a nail)—Yer kin betcher life I don't wanter, any more.

The Net Value.

"Yas, sirree; dar were eighty-seben cents cash in de pot on nigh erbout a hundred dollars in notes en checks."

"What was the pot worth, all told?"

"I guess you neber played pokah wid Slabtown niggahs. It was worf eighty-seben cents, ob co'se."

The Family Doctor.

New resident (at Faraway)—Who is the best physician in the place?

High local authority—Dr. Germs, by all means. Why, people are sending for him from everywhere. I advise you to try him.

New resident—What is his specialty?

High local authority (with pride)—Autopsies, I believe, sir.

Experienced.

Mrs. Jackson Park (at a Chicago wedding)—The bride has been married before, hasn't she?

Mrs. Gunnison Dearborn—Oh, yes. This is her fifth inning.

Like Cures Like.

Serve a railroad restaurant, she—Oh dear! I wish we had a hammer to crack this pie crust.

He—Wait a moment, my love. I will buy a sandwich.—Texas Siftings.

Her Knickers.

One sex alone did use to smoke,
But now look out for 'tother,
Since a bicycle girl can scratch a match
Just like her elder brother.
—Brooklyn Times.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

LESS FLAUNTINGLY RICH, BUT MUCH MORE PICTURESQUE.

Velvet and Felt Are Most Used—Some Models of Latest Designs.

The autumn headgear is less flauntingly rich and much more picturesque and becoming in form than that seen recently. Velvet and felt, of course, compose most of the hats, but some dainty French creations are made of taffeta, says the New York Sun. These shirred hats have a peculiar old-time

appearance and are deftly trimmed with tufts of feathers, aigrettes, antique lace and buckles, which give them a very fascinating appearance. Chenille puts in a claim for a place in the autumn millinery, and is very extensively used in combination with felt and velvet. Jet is as useful as ever, and many of the bright colored velvet crowns are entirely covered with a net wa l of jet.

Some of the Paris hats are gigantic. One Parisian hat of black was covered with rose velvet, having white Valenciennes insertion set in at regular intervals. Above this was a wealth of black feathers. A smaller hat, and one more in reach of ordinary mortals, had a shot glace accordion bow of green and dark blue, with a jet ornament in the center. This was placed at the side, standing up high. The rest of the hat was of green and blue velvet. A charming hat of black felt had the brim turned straight up at the

back, with a broad bow of black velvet passed through an antique buckle. The entire hat was turbaned with rose chene glace taffeta. Two black knife feathers were set in a black velvet rosette on the left side. A very striking hat was of chamois colored taffeta shirred, and trimmed with artistically arranged bunches of white and poppies, with jack pearls. The brim was very low of chine ribbon was placed at the back, and under the brim nestled three large red poppies. A broad, straight brimmed hat of pink felt was trimmed about the crown with black

velvet. The bow at the side was held by a straw buckle. An osprey crest stood erect in the center of a cluster of white ostrich tips. Tufts of bush roses were under the brim.

Ladies

Who use SOZODONT have only to open their lips to prove its excellence. Their white, gleaming teeth and fragrant breath will tell the story. There is more demand for this wholesome and unexceptionable preparation than for any other dentifrice in the market.

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

John thought he'd take his fair young bride
Out for an early morning ride.
Said he, "Shall I procure a steed,
Or shall we try our cycles' speed?"
She answered, "As you like. You know
I'm yours for either wheel or whoa."
—Brooklyn Life.

Do women dress to please the men?
You'll readily answer "Yes."
That by the share of the sounding sex,
Where men very seldom chance to be,
They do not dress at all.
—Detroit Tribune.

I much commend Jeannette and John,
Their thrift could never be outdone;
Though twenty chairs are in the room,
Night after night they use but one.
—Boston Budget.

He used to say, "Will you be mine?"
No more the style endures.
Oh woman "new"

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to contain, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 102,000

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have a very large number of three months' subscribers whose terms expire during October. To them we have sent a proposition for renewal for one year, which is the most remarkable as to terms that The Blade or any other newspaper ever made.

We hope that without exception every short time subscriber will accept this and send in his renewal. And it will be very remarkable if all do not. For, as stated above, the terms offered are so liberal that no one will resist, and we believe such terms will never be offered again by any newspaper.

OUR ANSWER TO "COIN."

We have just printed, as an extra, the series of articles discussing "Coin's Financial School," which appeared in The Blade recently. The "Nasby Letters" on silver and fiat money are also included. It is a four-page sheet, the size of The Blade's pages. We will send two copies to any address for 5 cents, or in larger lots at $1 per hundred. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BRICES IN SOCIETY.

And now comes the news from Washington that society circles are in sackcloth and ashes over the reports from Ohio, indicating that Brice is not to be returned to the Senate. There never were such entertainers in Washington as the Brices. The last social season, covering a period of two and one-half months, cost Brice $50,000. This is on the authority of the New York Herald, a reliable Democratic newspaper. Every week the Brices entertained. The best musical talent in the world was secured for these gatherings. Vocalists sang for two hours and received from $1,000 to $1,500 each for their efforts. Nothing was too rich or too costly for the Brices. Even Washington society, used to glitter and gold, was dazzled at the magnificence of these entertainments.

But the Brices were in the swim, and they were willing to pay for it, even if it required all the money made by the Senator in his sugar speculation. Think of it! According to the New York Herald, Mr. Brice has a social manager, hired by the year, to direct the family socially. This man—L. Stanford Beatty is his name—receives $10,000 a year for managing the social end of the Brice family. This is twice the salary received by Mr. Brice for his services as Senator from Ohio. Remember, we are giving this on the authority of the New York Herald—good Democratic authority, too; and as the Herald's statement has not been denied, it is evidently correct. This man Beatty bosses all the social functions, and is in every way the Ward McAllister of the Brice family.

The Herald gives some other interesting figures. Mr. Brice's household expenses are set at $250,000 a year, while the daughters have an allowance of $8,000 each, and the sons $10,000 each per annum. It costs the Senator another $10,000 a year for house rent. Of course, all this is paid out of the $5,000 he receives as representative of the great commonwealth of Ohio.

In these items of expense is not included the salary paid by Mr. Brice to a valet which, Washington rumor says he has engaged to take care of those auburn locks, now so devoutly worshiped by Ohio Democrats.

In view of all this, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Brice did not find time to look after Ohio's interests. His social demands are too great to be encroached upon by the affairs of Ohio. The voters should relieve him of all political burdens, or if again elected his salary should be increased that he may be able to maintain his position in Washington society.

The city of Cleveland has reversed the usual order of things. Generally speaking, when a corporation desires a piece of city property, it takes it, and then holds it. The old question at Cleveland as to the ownership of the lake front has been decided, at least for the present, by Mayor McKisson personally heading a party which took possession, and extended the streets through to the water-line. Sentries have been stationed to watch for reprisals on the part of the railways, and an interesting time is in prospect.

The Ohio river is lower than it has been for many years, and will soon be lower than ever before in its history, if the drouth continues. The water is so low at Louisville that it has ceased to run over the falls. The small lakes in the Northwest are drying up. The level of the Great Lakes is far below the normal. The navigation of the St. Lawrence river is seriously interfered with by low water. It will take a couple of extraordinarily wet seasons to replenish the supply.

The Kentucky Grand Lodge of Masons has unanimously adopted a resolution disapproving the carrying on of retail liquor business by a Master Mason. That such action should be taken in Kentucky, of all the states in the Union, is a matter of surprise.

The Republican primary election in Detroit resulted in a sweeping victory for Mayor Pingree. He is in a fair way to achieve a fourth term as mayor. "Pingree and Potatoes" is an inspiring slogan in the City of the Straits.

The truth about the Venezuela matter appears to be that our State department sent a long note to the British government several weeks ago, and that the latter has not answered it yet.

Now that the French are victorious in Madagascar, there is no reason the Waller case should not be brought to a prompt conclusion by the ex-consul's release

THE NEW YORK CITY CAMPAIGN.

We have already discussed fully the so-called "local option" issue in the New York state campaign. The term is a misnomer, for the term "local option" is used to cover the proposition that the cities shall be granted the power to decide, by vote, whether the saloons shall be allowed to open on Sunday. The campaign in New York city is so complicated, however, that a brief explanation will aid every one in understanding the election returns therefrom on the night of November 5.

In the municipal campaign in New York city last fall, there were but two tickets—Tammany and anti-Tammany. The former nominated Hugh J. Grant for mayor. The latter nominated William L. Strong, a Republican. The anti-Tammany forces were composed of the regular Republican organization, the Good Government clubs, the New York "State Democracy," the "Democratic Party Reform" organization, and the "Empire State Democrats." This was substantially a union of all the political organizations against Tammany. The result was a crushing defeat for Tammany Hall, as Strong was elected mayor by a plurality of 45,187. It was clear after the election that the Republicans could have nominated a straight ticket and elected it, and many leaders regretted that they had been led into a fusion with the discordant elements that were usually antagonistic.

The vigorous enforcement of the excise law—especially the section which requires all saloons to be closed on Sundays—by the police commissioners, headed by Theodore Roosevelt, all appointees of Mayor Strong, aroused bitter antagonism. Strong's administration is not as popular now as it was at the beginning. The saloon interests of New York supported Strong last year in the belief that they were not to be dealt with harshly in the event of his election. Now these interests are allied once more with Tammany. The organization is considerably stronger than it was a year ago. In point of numbers the opposition to Tammany is less formidable; in other respects it is very much weaker. There was union against Tammany then; there is disunion against Tammany now.

It became clear that the election of a straight Republican ticket this year is impossible, and hence it was attempted to make another fusion ticket. The State Democracy and the committee of fifty of the Chamber of Commerce were willing to negotiate. The result is the following ticket:

Register—Thomas F. Keating, State Democrat.

County Clerk—Thomas L. Hamilton, Platt Republican.

Justices of the Supreme Court—Ernest Hall, Platt Republican; Charles C. Beaman, Independent Republican and Committee of Fifty man; Myer S. Isaacs, Republican and Good Government man.

Judges of the Court of General Sessions—Thomas Allison, Platt Republican; and John Fennel, State Democrat.

City Justices—Henry C. Botty, Platt Republican; Daniel O'Conneli, State Democrat; James W. Hawes, Independent Republican.

On this ticket the State Democracy has three men, the anti-Platt Republicans three and the Platt Republicans four. All the Republicans and nearly all the members of the State Democracy will work loyally for the election of this ticket. The Good Government clubs, however, refused to support it. Their ticket is made up as follows:

Register—Charles T. Blauvelt, Democrat.

County Clerk—John T. Lockman, Republican.

Justices of the Supreme Court—Hamilton Odell, Republican; Charles C. Beaman, Republican; and Meyer S. Isaacs, Republican.

Judges of the Court of General Sessions—Thomas Allison, Republican; and George H. Adams, Democrat.

City Justices—John A. Beale, Democrat; Lewis L. Delafield, Democrat; and James W. Hawes, Republican.

Beaman and Isaacs, candidates for justices of the Supreme Court; Allison, candidate for judge of the Court of General Sessions, and Hawes, candidate for city justice, appear on both tickets. They stand the best chance of election.

Then the Tammany Hall Democrats held their convention and nominated the following ticket.

Register—William Sohmer, Tammany.

County Clerk—Henry D. Purroy, Tammany.

Justices of the Supreme Court—Charles H. Truax, Tammany; Frederick Smyth, Tammany; and Charles F. McLean, German-American Reform Union.

Judges of the Court of General Sessions—Joseph E. Newburger, Tammany; and Martin T. McMahon, Tammany.

City Justices—Robert A. Van Wyck, Tammany; John P. Shuchman, Tammany; and Edward F. O'Dwyer, Tammany.

Immediately after the nomination of this ticket the German-American Reform Union held a convention and indorsed it. Then Carl Schurz and anti-Tammany members of the German-American Reform Union held a meeting, split off from that organization, and found the German-American Central Union, which will oppose Tammany.

A word concerning the nicknames of these organizations may be in order. The Good Government clubs was long ago nicknamed the "Goo Goos" by their Tammany foes. Then the initials of the German-American Reform Union were put together, and the organization nicknamed the "Garoos." The new organization of seceders from the latter are called "Gazoos."

The situation in New York city now, as compared with a year ago, is simply this: The opposition to Tammany is now weakened by the defection of the Good Government clubs which have a ticket of their own and by the defection of that portion of the Garoos that have become the open allies of Tammany.

There seems to be very little difference between Tammany and the coalition on the question of the sale of liquor on Sunday. The Republicans and state Democrats adopted the following declaration:

We favor and will endeavor to secure such modification of existing laws as will prevent blackmail, partiality and oppression, and will enable this city to determine for itself, by popular vote, whether the sale of food, beverages, and other necessaries shall be permitted on Sunday during such hours and under such restrictions as will not interfere with religious observance and exercises.

The declaration of Tammany Hall on this subject was as follows:

The Democratic party • • favors the immediate enactment by the next legislature of a modification of the present oppressive excise laws, and in addition promises to propose to and endeavor to obtain from the coming legislature a law which will enable this community to determine for itself by popular vote whether the sale of food, beverages, and all necessaries shall be permitted on the first day of the week during certain prescribed hours and in a manner so restricted as not to interfere with religious observances.

It will be seen that both Tammany and anti-Tammany have bid for the support of the liquor element. The decent element of the voters, who are opposed to the Sunday saloon, will vote anti-Tammany, as they know that Tammany favors Sunday saloons, and if put in power will allow them to be open on the sly on Sunday, no matter what the law may say.

The situation is very much mixed, and the outcome utterly in doubt. We have faith, however, that out of this ferment will come a movement that will crystalize the majority of the voters eventually in opposition to the Sunday saloon, and thus take one step at least in the effort to Pulverize the Rum Power.

WHAT THE BANK REPORTS SHOW

That usually accurate business barometer, the national bank report, does not confirm the Democratic claim of a large business revival. As a rule, there is no better measure of the true condition of the business of the country than the reports of the national banks. If the loans and discounts are heavy, it is an indication of business activity. If the deposits of country banks with those of the great cities are heavy, it is an indication that there is little demand throughout the country for funds for business purposes. When the individual deposits in the banks run unusually heavy, owners of these funds have little use for them in a business way.

So it is interesting to examine the reports of the national banks, just coming in, and compare them with those of one year ago. Then, the country was just passing from the shadow of a great depression, which the Democratic leaders assumed to be the result of the tariff law of the preceding four years. The new tariff was going into operation, the over-production of the preceding years had been used up in the year of financial paralysis, and there was every reason to assume that the absolute stoppage of business, by reason of the tariff agitation, would be followed by renewed activity.

But the reports of the national banks do not show the increase that had been expected, nor do they by any means justify the claim now being made of remarkable, or even ordinary, business activity the country over. On the other hand, the improvements over the condition in the extreme depression of one year ago is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible.

In the loans and discounts of the banks of the ten leading cities of the country there is an increase of but 2 per cent over the condition of one year ago; in the amount of money deposited with the banks of these great cities by the country banks, there is a reduction of but 5 per cent; and in the individual deposits the decrease is but 7 per cent. When it is remembered that the condition of to-day is compared with that of a period in which the shelves of the country were empty, when the accumulation of former years had been used up during the period of waiting for action on the new tariff, it will be seen that the improvement is very slight, and far from justifying the assumption that the new tariff has caused any marked business activity.

The following figures show the loans and discounts and individual deposits of the national banks of the ten great cities of the country on September 28 of the present year and on October 2 of last year:

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

	Sept. 28, 1895.	Oct. 2, 1894.
New York	$363,548,573	$360,300,469
Boston	157,489,570	151,871,471
Philadelphia	96,968,441	88,783,415
Chicago	93,032,873	91,486,569
Pittsburg	43,829,746	39,683,437
Baltimore	32,841,709	33,841,844
St. Louis	30,233,960	28,742,340
Cincinnati	26,308,384	26,908,352
Cleveland	26,948,529	24,364,122
New Orleans	13,177,546	12,649,920
Total	$884,809,237	$867,630,936

INDIVIDUAL DEPOSITS.

	Sept. 28, 1895.	Oct. 2, 1894.
New York	$299,701,096	$339,454,470
Boston	112,097,016	111,936,178
Philadelphia	90,797,929	102,668,574
Chicago	67,261,128	73,542,545
Pittsburg	34,088,390	33,068,969
Baltimore	22,680,701	24,519,919
St. Louis	18,082,575	16,600,020
Cincinnati	19,868,727	20,281,548
Cleveland	19,448,829	20,196,504
New Orleans	16,455,064	13,996,231
Total	$700,475,438	$756,202,899

TURKEY YIELDS.

British diplomacy has scored a very important triumph, in compelling Said Pasha, the Turkish premier, to yield to the demand for Armenian reforms. The programme submitted by the Great Powers has been accepted. All it needs is the formal signature of the Sultan—and we may be sure Said Pasha would not have agreed had he not known his master was of the same way of thinking.

Great Britain's diplomatic victory was over the secret machinations of Russia to prevent the Turks from accepting the reforms demanded—in which Russia was abetted by France. Whatever design the Czar had in this has been defeated. The Turkish government knows that, after all, its only hope of retaining territorial power in Europe is by the grace of England; and much as it disliked to yield all that was demanded, it was a choice between so doing or becoming a purely Asiatic power.

The reforms conceded are, in substance, that the governors of Van, Erzeroum, Sivas, Bitlis, Khartut and Trebizond shall be Christian or Mussulman, according to the majority of the population, but either the governor or the vice-governor is to be a Christian, and the appointments are to be confirmed by the powers. Local and not state officials are to collect the taxes, and enough money is to be retained before it is forwarded to Constantinople to pay the expenses of local administration. Various changes will be made in the judicial system; torture will be abolished, the prisons will be under surveillance, the police will be composed of Christians and Turks equally, and the laws against compulsory conversions to Islamism will be strictly enforced.

The other day, according to the Cincinnati Times-Star, Campbell said in a speech: "When I was young I was a Republican, but I married a Democratic girl, and you see the result." "Bald-headed," said a spectator. "Yes," said Campbell, "baldheaded on the outside, but I used to be baldheaded on the inside." This is sad. Baldness on the outside may be cured, but baldness inside is incurable.

Notwithstanding there are something like 250,000 words, available for ordinary, every-day use, in the English language, no suitable one has yet been found which fitly designates the party in Ohio which is controlled entirely by Brice, whose campaign is paid for by Brice, yet whose managers dare not allow legislative candidates admit they will, if elected, vote for Brice for United States Senator.

The result of the town elections in Connecticut on the 7th, show that the Republicans maintain the solid gains made last year. They carried 132 towns out of 134. Connecticut will give a good account of herself in the Presidential contest next year.

Chairman Anderson, of the state Democratic committee, has wired Democratic candidates for the legislature not to permit themselves to be interviewed on their choice for United States Senator. Afraid of Brice, of course.

The straw vote fiend is not at large in Ohio this year. Too much Republican to make it interesting.

American speculators appear to be too sharp to dabble in Kaffir stocks.

REORGANIZING THE SUPREME COURT.

Hon. James M. Ashley, of this city, has an article in the October number of the Forum discussing the question, "Shall the Supreme Court be Reorganized?" The paper is well worth careful reading, for it points out certain evils in our highest tribunal as now organized, and suggests certain remedies therefor.

Mr. Ashley holds the view that the power of the Supreme Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional by the vote of a majority of a quorum, is "a menace to Democratic government." He contends that no law "should thus be vetoed by a mere majority of the court." The farthest he thinks it safe to go is to permit the court, by a full bench, and two-thirds thereof agreeing, to suspend the operation of any act deemed unconstitutional, until it could be considered by Congress, in connection with the opinion of the court. If Congress then again passes the act, it should remain a law. Or, if the reconsideration be not adopted, then he would require the unanimous vote of the full bench to declare an act unconstitutional. "Anything short of this," says Mr. Ashley, "is a mockery, and a surrender of the nation's sovereignty to a majority of the Supreme Court."

He argues that if the court of last resort even, by interpretation, change the constitution—and it has done this more than once—and by a bare majority annul an act of Congress, "then indeed is the sovereignty of the United States vested in the Supreme Court." For Congress may pass laws in compliance with the demand of the people, yet the Supreme Court declare them null and void—and there is no appeal to either Congress or to the people. These propositions are argued with rare power, and instances from our own history given in support of Mr. Ashley's contention.

Furthermore, Mr. Ashley finds that the Presidential bee is as liable to buzz in the bonnet of a justice of the Supreme Court as in that of any politician, and he thinks this may influence a justice in his views of the cases which may come before him. Hence he is an advocate of an amendment to the federal constitution which shall guard against the dangers noted above, and which will require a complete reorganization of the federal courts.

In 1869 Mr. Ashley proposed an amendment to the constitution which would allow justices of the federal, supreme and district courts to hold office for a term of 20 years each, and fixing the retiring age at 70 years; rendering them ineligible to any federal office after appointment and confirmation, except judicial promotion; and requiring a compensation during life after the expiration of their terms of service. In addition to this, Mr. Ashley would have the power of a majority of the supreme bench to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, modified as above stated.

Furthermore, to nullify the plea that many unworthy men are elected to Congress, who must depend upon fickle popular favor for maintaining their hold on office, and therefore that Congress needs such a check as the Supreme Court now is, Mr. Ashley would elect representatives by some plan of proportional representation. He proposes a constitutional amendment giving to Congress the power to prescribe the manner in which representatives shall be chosen in all states entitled to more than one representative.

The dangers which Mr. Ashley so ably sets forth are real. Of this there can be no doubt. Whether they are so grave as to require for their prevention the drastic measures he proposes is open to argument. As to proportional representation, wherever it has been tried it has proved to be quite as easily used by demagogues as by honest men. It has disappointed the hopes of its friends. The true remedy against the election of unworthy men to congressional seats is to be found only in the elevation of the intelligence and patriotism of the voting masses. No one disputes the proposition that each state should be represented in Congress by its best men. The choice of the people of a district is by no means confined to residents of that district. Any citizen of the state is eligible. Yet how few the cases in which the people of a district have risen to the occasion, and nominated and elected a candidate living elsewhere in the state! The fault is in the people. Reform must begin with them. No law can remedy the ills that come from an ignorant or corrupt protelariat.

BEER AND BANK CHECKS.

The Cleveland programme for increasing the national revenues, according to Washington dispatches, is a tax on bank checks and a doubling of the internal revenue tax on beer. That is about the size of Cleveland's constructive statesmanship. A tax on bank checks would simply be an annoyance to the business public. Doubling the beer tax will probably add thirty millions to the revenues. There is no particular objection to this part of the programme. Those who drink beer would pay it, and beer is a luxury, not a necessity of life. People who object to the tax need not indulge in beer, that is all.

The important point is the admission that the patchwork Democratic tariff law is a failure as a revenue-raiser. Te logical way to remedy the deficit is to increase customs duties up to the proper point. This will be insisted upon by the Republicans in Congress If Mr. Cleveland refuses to sign such a bill, the responsibility will rest upon himself, and upon the party which elected him. He need not expect a Republican Congress to abandon Republican policy to help his administration out of the financial hole in which a Democratic Congress placed it.

JURISDICTION OVER THE LAKES.

Ohio is greatly interested in the decision recently rendered by Judges Woods and Jenkins of the United States Court of Appeals at Milwaukee. The case was for damages and in handing down the decision these judges gave it as their opinion that the states surrounding the lakes have sovereign rights over the waters of those lakes The right of the state, these judges say, extend to the preserved boundaries controlled by the nation. These are the international boundaries and run through the middle of the lakes.

This decision comes from next to the highest judicial tribunal in the United States and is of particular interest to Ohio as it shows that the state has authority to pass and enforce such laws as will protect Lake Erie fisheries. The validity of these laws have always been questioned by a large number of fishermen who denied the right of the state to enforce them.

The "six-year hoodoo" will receive its coup de grace this time.

FINANCE AND BUSINESS.

The main feature of the general situation developed during the past week was the rise in foreign exchange. This threatens a resumption of gold exports, and thus affects financial operations unfavorably. It is due to two things—the small volume of exports as compared with that of imports, and the speculation in cotton, which has carried the price of that staple to a point which checks its exportation. As our cotton exports at this season of the year furnish a large share of foreign bills of exchange, drawn against it on the transatlantic buyers, an advance in rates was natural. However, it is impossible that the price of cotton should continue relatively higher here than in Liverpool, and when the break comes, the supply of commercial bills will be all the greater for the temporary shortage.

The trade reports for last week show that legitimate business is steadily enlarging. The low prices of cereals are discouraging to the farmers, but the enormous crops will go far toward putting them in a prosperous condition. In all lines of trade a commendable spirit of caution is noticeable, showing a desire that the foundations of improvement shall be safe and sure. The distribution of goods is satisfactory in volume, though some of the Eastern jobbers complain of a let-up.

We referred above to the disappointing nature of the foreign trade. Exports are very small in volume for this season of the year. Though the prices are low, Europe does not seem to need our products. Per contra, the lowering of the tariff has stimulated imports, which in turn reduces the volume required of our manufactures, and thus injures both the manufacturers and their employes.

These facts are shown by the statistics of our foreign trade for September, in which month the imports exceeded the exports by $6,632,680. For the nine months of 1895 ended September 30, the imports were $43,052 276 more in value than our exports. For the same months of 1895, the exports were $73,928,234 greater than the imports. No more luminous exposition of the differences in the workings of the McKinley law and of the Gorman-Wilson law can be given.

The New York money market has been active and strong, as the country is drawing freely on funds for moving the crops. Call loans ranged from 2 to 2 1-2 per cent., the former being the figure for the bulk of the business. Time loans were not very active, and offerings were not liberal for periods longer than 30 days. The rates were 2 1-2 per cent. for 30 days, 3 per cent. for 60 to 90 days, 3 1-2@4 per cent. for 4 months, and 4@4 1-2 per cent. for 5 to 8 months on good marketable collateral.

Wall street was decidedly dull, and even transactions in security investments were small in volume. Most of the trading was professional. There is no foreign inquiry for American stocks, as the wild speculation in Kaffirs absorbs all attention in London and Paris.

Of the probability of an increased foreign demand for American stocks, Henry Clews gives this opinion:

How far we may hope to place our securities abroad during the next few months must depend principally (1) upon what may be forthcoming in respect to the Treasury gold problem, and (2) upon the outcome of the Venezuelan fiasco in London and Paris. As to the former, all is uncertainty. As to the "Kaffir Circus," nothing is more certain than it must come down with a terrific crash and that at no very distant period. This week's Stock Exchange settlement in the stuff has been surmounted without serious disturbance; but solely through adroit financing of the most desperate character. The whole speculation rests upon the cardboard foundation of one daring adventurer, whose almost sole resource is the wind by which he has succeeded in inflating to the last point of tension hundreds of millions of issues mostly devoid of any intrinsic value. There is no solid capitalist interest behind the speculation to sustain it when the point of collapse has been reached; and meantime the process of distrust and realizing is pushing affairs towards the crisis. The end therefore is likely to be sharp and sudden and must develop into a great sensation.

The commercial bar silver market was very strong at the beginning of the week, some speculative purchases following the recent advance; but a reaction followed quickly when New York bullion dealers resumed offerings to London buyers. A week's practical suppression of exports left its impress upon the market, forcing some receivers to shade the minimum price which the combination had fixed. The closing price was 67 1-2 cents per ounce.

GROVER'S RETURN.

President Cleveland has returned to Washington. He has been at Buzzard's Bay for four months, going there on June 17. We are reminded, in this connection, that his absence from the capital has not been made the subject of serious political attacks by the Republican newspapers. Their course in this is in striking contrast to the mud slinging in which the Democratic press indulged for years whenever a Republican President took an outing.

When President Grant went for a couple of weeks to Long Branch, the country rang with vicious comment. It was asserted that the President was neglecting his official duties, and the question was raised whether he could lawfully transact any official business anywhere but in Washington. It was even proposed to bring the point before Congress.

Whenever President Arthur went on a fishing excursion for a few days, the Democratic papers pursued the same tactics. And when he took a trip to Yellowstone Park, they were filled each day with sneering attacks on his "going junketing" to the neglect of the nations' business.

But Cleveland goes away for a four months' stay, and the same papers say never a word. Political necessity stops there, of course. The Republican papers recognize that a President needs rest and relaxation, and are not disposed to cavil at him for taking a proper amount, no matter what his politics may be.

All this is an illustration of a radical difference between Republican and Democratic political methods. The latter party always appeals to prejudice and ignorance. The former appeals to the common sense and honest judgment of the people.

The New York Mail and Express apparently had Jimmy Campbell in mind when it remarked that "any man who seeks the Democratic nomination for the Presidency will do well to fight shy of D. B. Hill's endorsement."

Mr. Brice says if the next legislature is Democratic it will be for him for United States senator. And yet Democrats say Brice is not an issue in this campaign.

A vote for a Democratic candidate for the legislature is a vote for Calvin S. Brice for United States Senator.

Mr. Campbell uses no arguments because Brice is their only issue and they dare not discuss that.

SHERMAN AND GARFIELD.

Senator Sherman's new book, "Forty Years in Congress," is not yet published. A brief review of the work, with extracts, has been sent out by a press association, which has stirred up considerable discussion because of the Senator's comments on public men—notably Garfield and Grant.

While it is hardly fair to judge before the entire book is read, it seems probable that Mr. Sherman's judgment of Garfield was more or less influenced by the defeat of his own Presidential aspirations in 1880, through the dramatic surprise of Garfield's nomination. Mr. Sherman seems to labor under the delusion that had it not been for the spontaneous movement in the convention in favor of Garfield, as a means of breaking the deadlock made by the famous "306" Grant phalanx, he would himself have been the nominee. Reading the extracts so far published, the inference is unmistakable that Senator Sherman still feels that Garfield played him false and secretly promoted his own nomination.

Mr. Sherman is wrong if he assumes that he had any real chance for the Presidential nomination in 1880, or at any national convention thereafter. That noted convention of 1880 had 755 delegates, and of these the Sherman strength, at the utmost, was not over one-seventh. And half this strength was among Southern delegates, from states which could not possibly give an electoral vote to the Republican ticket. The highest vote he received at any time was 120 on the 30th ballot—near the close of the struggle; and on that ballot Blaine had 279 votes and Grant 306.

The situation was this: The Grant forces, under Conkling, were absolutely solid, and determined to wear out the convention, hoping that when the inevitable break came, enough delegates would come to them to nominate Grant for a third term. Had the Blaine contingent weakened and abandoned their efforts, Grant would have been the nominee, and not Sherman, for the majority of them would have gone to the Old Commander, and not to the Ohio Senator. Had the Sherman forces broken, Grant would also have been the nominee, for a similar reason.

The only way to defeat the nomination of Grant was for the anti-third termers to unite on one man. Sherman could not possibly have been that man. It was equally impossible to unite on Blaine. A new candidate—a "dark horse"—was an imperative necessity. Who should it be? Garfield's eloquence, his admirable personality, had made a very strong impression on the convention. None of the old leaders would do. A new man it must be. The most available was Garfield, and he was nominated.

Senator Sherman should know these facts, for they are history. His own nomination was impossible. And it is too much for any man to demand that his friends shall stay by him to the last, after the fact is clear that any further effort is futile. Yet this very thing has caused Senator Sherman a vast deal of heart-burning and mortification in the past, and from his book—as least so far as the extracts given show—it appears the old feeling still rankles in his heart. Would he have had Garfield decline the nomination after it was made? That would have been an absurd and useless loyalty, and certainly no man in the United States, other than Mr. Sherman, would have counseled such a course.

ENGLAND AND VENEZUELA.

So far as yet appears the British government has paid no attention to the recent notification from the United States concerning the Venezuelan boundary troubles. On the contrary, it has sent an ultimatum to President Crespo, making a demand for reparation on account of the arrest of British subjects at Uruan, and stating the terms on which Great Britain "will definitely determine the boundary dispute." More than this, a semi-official statement has been made public, that the British government feels the necessity of ending the frontier dispute, even if Venezuela has to be brought to terms "by methods which are the most effective in reaching an understanding with South American republics."

This is simply a bluff on the part of Lord Salisbury, intended for effect in Washington. The American people will await anxiously the outcome. Will the administration "back down," or will it maintain the Monroe doctrine?

Mr. Cleveland ought to be capable of realizing that the game is in his own hands. All he has to do is to make the British government understand that he stands ready to enforce that doctrine, even if it requires war to do it, and John Bull will yield. He cannot afford to go to war with us over the slice of Venezuela to which he lays claim, even though it contains valuable gold mines and other mineral riches.

The fact is England understands fully that the present administration's foreign policy is an exemplification of "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'" She has set herself the task of tentative aggressions on this continent, to create precedents which will justify a future claim that we have allowed the Monroe doctrine to fall into desuetude.

The occupation of Corinto was the first step in this policy. The Venezuela grab is the second. The first did not involve territorial acquisition, and hence could not be deemed in contravention of the letter of the Monroe doctrine, though it certainly was in spirit. The second is cleverly masked under a boundary dispute.

This is the time to take an effective stand. The nation is an unit in its support of the Monroe doctrine. Grover Cleveland has sixty-five million people solidly at his back in enforcing a demand on England to relinquish her proposed robbery from Venezuela. Will he do it? If Monroe, when we had but ten millions population, had the patriotism and courage to lay down that doctrine, ought not Grover Cleveland, at the head of a country with six and a half times that population, have the nerve to enforce it?

Chairman Carter is expected to issue his call this week for a meeting of the National Republican committee to fix the time and place for holding the Republican national convention. The city that gets the convention will be expected to put up $40,000 to pay the debts left over from the 1892 campaign. It looks on the surface as though Chicago has the call.

Not a Democratic candidate for the legislature has dared to say he will vote for Brice if elected.

This is the week Senator Hill is to come to Ohio to assist his New York colleague, Mr. Brice.

Those two counties which Coxey says he will carry this fall are certainly not in Ohio.

THE FLOW OF FUN.

"Anything new on hand, Ethel?" "Yes; another engagement ring."—Detroit Free Press.

"O, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." "Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, you know."—Brooklyn Life.

"I have a notion to go into politics," said the pugilistic gentleman. "I would if I were you," said his friend. "There is a woful dearth of oratory nowadays."—Minneapolis Journal.

"Your Majesty," said Li Hung Chang, "we have removed the Viceroy of Szechuen and still John Bull is not satisfied." "Well," replied the Emperor testily, "what's he chewin' about now?"—Buffalo Express.

"Yes," repeated his Satanic Majesty, "every room is taken and the halls are full of cots. Will you inform that man Parkhurst once and for all that we positively cannot receive any further consignments for the present?"—Detroit Tribune.

Yeast—"I expect to live to see the day when the bicycle will take the place of the horse entirely." "Crimsonbeak—"Well, I don't. They'll never be able to make Frankfurter sausages out of the bicycle."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Everything," she murmured as she gazed on the wooded hill, when the frost had touched the leaves, "is turning to gold. Do you not enjoy it?" "No," he replied without looking up. "I'm for free silver."—Washington Star.

"You know that, although a wealthy man, I never drink, smoke, gamble, or swear—that I am perfectly exemplary. Then why do you refuse me?" "You certainly couldn't ask me to become the manager of a freak!"—Harper's Bazar.

"I see," remarked Mrs. Snaggs while reading the Chronicle-Telegraph last night, "that the United Brethren are holding a conference at Wilkinsburg." "I thought the Siamese twins were dead," commented Mr. Snaggs.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Young—"John, did you succeed in matching the piece of dress goods I gave you this morning?" Mr. Young—"No, my time was too precious, but (triumphantly) I've bought enough of something else to make you a whole gown!"—Texas Siftings.

"Do you know, Jay," asked Miss Daisy Medders significantly, "that there are a great many more single men than married men in the prisons? And do you know what that proves?" "Mebby it proves," answered Jay Green diplomatically, "that they'd rather go to prison than get married."—Puck.

HERE AND THERE.

Eighty-four members of the London Stock Exchange have died within the past seven or eight years, worth, one with another, no less than £25,000, on an average.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the "steel king," 83 years of age, continues to take keen interest in scientific matters, and keeps himself up to date. His peculiarity is that he will not give any one his autograph.

News is received in London of the death of Makololo, one of Livingstone's most faithful followers in Africa from 1851 to 1864. What makes his taking off the sadder is the fact that he left 45 widows to mourn him.

Princess Pauline Metternich, niece of the famous Ambassador to Paris and the more famous Princess Pauline, his wife, has just made her first appearance as a violinist at a charity concert at Marienbad. She is only 15 years old.

Speaker Gully of the English House of Commons has a pet bulldog, by which he lays great store. The dog has had several misadventures in London streets and lately a frightened nervous people—but the speaker declines to give him up.

A deep mystery has for some time been connected in many minds with Mr. W. W. Astor's literary and journalistic ventures in England, but an English theosophist now puts upon us explains it. Mr. Astor has become, so many theosophists hope, "a convert to their belief."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Artificial ivory is made from condensed skim milk.

Shoe leather is now manufactured from red beechwood.

There are 576 street railway companies in this country.

The production of coal in New South Wales in 1894 amounted to 2,672,076 gross tons, against 2,278,328 tons in 1893.

The chain in safety bicycles is to be supplanted henceforth by a metal ribbon made from a steel analagous to that used in piano wire. Orifices are cut at regular intervals in the ribbon which engage the sprocket wheel.

According to Hardware, the output of aluminum has increased from 223 pounds in 1883 to 250,000 pounds in 1895. The cost of production has been decreased from nearly $16 per pound to less than sixty cents per pound. The output for 1894 was valued at $216,250.

Statistics show that there are 1,674 cooperative stores in England, a membership of 1,263,638, and doing a trade of over $90,000,000. The sales of these stores last year amounted to $250,000,000, and brought a profit of 10 per cent.

An English trade journal says that a wire rope of Craddock's improved crucible steel, 4 inches in diameter, after fourteen years' constant use, during which it was never repaired, though it has hauled 1,500,000 tons, has been taken out of a Nottingham colliery; another steel rope, 3,400 yards long and 2 1-2 inches in circumference, was continuously used in a Sheffield colliery for eleven years and eight months; a third rope, 382 yards long and 5 inches round, was used on the under side of a drum, near Barnsley, for three years and ten months, lifting 735,679 tons of coal in that time.

PURELY PERSONAL.

A 19-year-old brother of Melba has developed a good tenor voice.

Justice White, of the United States Supreme court, rides a bicycle to and from the Capitol.

The Maharajah of Patiala, in India, has engaged Hearne, the English bowler, to teach his sons cricket this winter.

Autograph collecting is Sol Smith Russell's fad. His weakness is a belief in superstitious fancies. He gives an odd turn to the latter, calling thirteen his lucky number, and prefers to begin his annual tours on Friday. The old, dilapidated hat which he wore in "A Poor Relation" he has had for twenty years.

Mr. Isbouchere, with all his attempts to play the cynic, is really one of the few men who are perfectly at home in any society, high or low. He has friends with all politics and creeds, and some friends with none; an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes is one of his "properties," as popular as his cigarette case.

Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has unusual architectural skill, and is said to design his own palaces. Stone and marble, both of which are to be found in considerable quantities near Cabul, enter largely into their construction, and they contain many fittings specially manufactured in Europe for the Afghan court, including electric lights, pianos and the phonograph.

Queen Victoria's aversion to the employment of electricity as a motive power is a further evidence of her curious conservatism. In not yielding with immediate favor new adaptations of the forces of nature. Thus, the queen, in early life was highly appreciative of traveling by rail, and, although now quite at her ease in a long railway journey, she, unlike the prince consort, who took immediately to conveyances by steam, preferred for many years to travel by road between Windsor and London.

SOME CONSPICUOUS CHARACTERS.

The Prince of Wales pays $900 per 1,000 for the cigars he smokes.

Mary Murphy, a 12-year-old Philadelphia girl, weighs 240 pounds.

Eleonora Duse is quoted as saying she is a better tragedienne than Sarah Bernhardt.

None of Senator Quay's friends call him "Mat." They speak to him and of him as "the Colonel."

George Lord, of San Bernardino, Cal., is said to be the world's oldest Mason. His age is 98 years.

King Christian, of Denmark, is the oldest European monarch, while King Alfonso, of Spain, is the youngest.

John W. Faul, of the Drexel banking firm of Philadelphia, has had his stamp collection insured for $30,000. The Paul collection is one of the most valuable in the world. There are stamps in the collection worth $500 each.

The man who discovered

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of the Blade.

BOY'S JACKET.

The jaunty reefer jacket is never out of style for small boys, and is at once comfortable and dressy. As here illustrated of speckled cheviot in nut brown and tan shades, its broad sailor collar is trimmed with three rows of narrow brown braid, crossed on each corner. Six handsome shaded pearl buttons close the double-breasted fronts, and pockets inserted on each side are neatly finished with stitched welts. The back is shaped with center and side seams that end a short distance from the lower edge. Comfortable sleeves are cut in two sections, shaped in regular coat-sleeve fashion.

6571—BOY'S JACKET

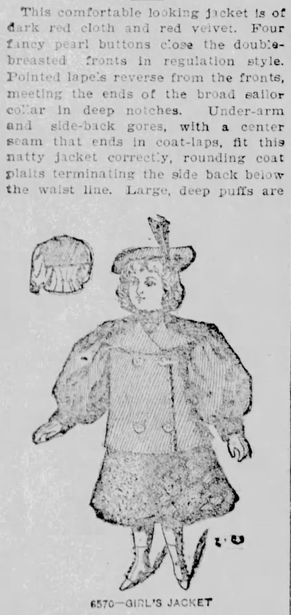
Reefers in this style can be made from rough and smooth surface cloth, plain, checked or mixed cheviot, tweed serge or flannel, with machine-stitched or plainly finished edges.

The quantity of 27-inch wide material required to make this reefer for a boy four years old is 2 1-4 yards; for one eight years old, 2 1-2 yards; for one ten years old, 2 3-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6571, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in four sizes, for boys of four, six, eight and ten years old.

GIRL'S JACKET.

This comfortable looking jacket is of dark red cloth and red velvet. Four fancy pearl buttons close the double-breasted fronts in regulation style. Pointed lapels reverse from the fronts, meeting the ends of the broad sailor collar in deep notches. Under-arm and side-back gores, with a center seam that ends in coat-laps, fit this natty jacket correctly, rounding coat plaits terminating the side back below the waist line. Large, deep puffs are



6570—GIRL'S JACKET

arranged over coat-shaped sleeve linings, that are faced to round cuff depth with velvet. The edgings are neatly completed with machine stitching. Plain and mixed coatings, smooth and rough-faced cloth, cheviot, tweed, flannel, serge and other varieties or woolen fabrics in plain or blended colorings will make handsome jackets in this style. The jacket can be made all of one material, with plain or stitched edges, as preferred.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a girl four years old is 1 1-2 yards; for one eight years old, 1 3-4 yards; for one ten years old, 2 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6570, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in four sizes, for four, six, eight and ten-year-old children.

MISS'S INVERNESS CAPE.

An outside garment that is stylish and practical for school, best or general wear, is here shown, made of dark blue double faced cheviot, that has a rough surface, and displays that handsome Gordon tartan on its underside. The cape illustrates one of the

newest modes, and will be found very comfortable and thoroughly protective. The under cape is fitted in loose sacque style, joining the fronts in shoulder and under arm seams. The sides and back falls in ripples to three-quarter length, closing in front with buttons and buttonholes. Large arm eyes are provided to admit an easy adjustment, the upper cape covering the dress sleeves. Deep pockets are placed on each front at convenient depth, and a rolling collar finishes the neck. The upper cape in circular shape is in-cluded in the collar seam, buttons and buttonholes being provided near the top. Mixed, fancy and plain coatings, tweed, cheviot, whipcord, cloth and heavy serge will make up handsomely with lining of plaid or fancy silk.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this cape for a miss ten years old is 4 yards; for one 14 years old, 4 1-4 yards; for noe 16 years old, 4 1-2 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6562, is cut in four sizes, for ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen year sizes, and retails for 30 cents.

LADY'S WAIST.

Gazelle-colored crepon that matched the skirt, made this handsome waist, the full vest front being of creamy satin. The yoke portion, broad sailor collar, revers, belt and deep cuff facings, are of nut-brown velvet, covered to within an inch of the edges with creamy guipure. The waist is arranged over linings fitted with glove-like exactness, that close in center front. The smooth, seamless back of crepon extends over the back and side-back gores, under-arm gores separating back and fronts. The full vest portion depends from the pretty pointed yoke and droops slightly over the belt in French blouse style, closing on the left under the revers and collar. A stock collar of satin finishes the neck, rosettes being placed on each side. Full puffs are gracefully arranged over comfortable sleeve linings, the lower portions of which are faced with velvet, shaped at the top to form deep-pointed cuffs. The mode affords possibilities for artistic and effective combinations of fabric and color, as the front may contrast strongly with or correspond to the dress material.

The quality of 44-inch wide material required to make this baeque for a lady having a thirty-two inch bust measure, is 3 1-4 yards; for a thirty-

six-inch size, 3 1-2 yards; for a forty-inch size, 3 3-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6566, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in five sizes, for thirty-two-inch, thirty-four-inch, thirty-six-inch and forty-inch bust measure.

LADY'S BASQUE WAIST.

Fancy red and black speckled vicuna is here stylishly set off with a broad-pointed revers, collar of black velvet and decorated with small tailor buttons. The stylish simplicity of the waist adapts it to the tailor modes now in vogue, and a collar of the material, machine stitched on its edges, can be substituted for that of velvet. A standing collar, and a shield portion is provided in the pattern, to be worn in place of the chemisette of linen here shown, when preferred. The short, round basque waist has a seamless back, arranged over linings that are fitted by the side back gores, and a curving seam in center. This seamless back can be omitted, and the lining portions covered with the material when seams are preferred. The fronts are adjusted by single bust darts, under-arm gores separating fronts and back. Hook and eyes close the linings in center, the right front being extended to close diagonally on the left, with buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves is one of the season's novelties, and is shaped in four length-wise sections, the gigot style being preserved. Evenly spaced rows of buttons outline the two upper seams, which can be omitted in favor of stitching or pipings of velvet. Basque

waists in this style are made of material to match the skirt, in all seasonable varieties of woolen and mixed fabrics.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this baeque for a lady having a 32-inch bust meaure is 2 3-4 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3 yards; for a 40-inch size, 3 1-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6568, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in five sizes, for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch and 40-inch bust measure.

LADY'S JACKET.

Tan box cloth is chosen for this stylish jacket, the lapels and sleeves of which portray the very newest modes. The fronts are shaped with shallow bust darts which fit them loosely to the figure. The back is shaped by the usual seams and gores, and fits closely to the waist line, falling below in rounded plaits or flutes to the lower edge. The fronts are faced deeply and reversed at the top in broad, square lapels, that meet the rolling collar in notches. The sleeves

are cut in several lengthwise sections, the seams all being opened and stitched on both edges and all the free edges are stitched to match. All these seams and edges must be well pressed with a hot iron (a wet cloth being placed between the iron and the material) to insure a creditable tailor finish. Plain and fancy coatings in mixed, checked and mottled surfaces, rough and smooth-faced cloth, diagonal, cheviot, whipcord, covert and other cloths will all develop stylishly by the mode.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 2 1-2 yards; for a 36-inch size, 2 3-4 yards; for a 40-inch size, 3 yards; for a 42-inch size, 3 1-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6574, and retails for 25 cents, is cut in six sizes, for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

A QUANDARY.

In the true poet's eyes, the maid he loves
Has not a peer in beauty or in grace;
He falls in raptures o'er her tiny gloves,
And envious sonnets writes to clinging lace.

I know full well that fairer maids there are
Than she who holds my heart in Cupid's thrall;
I swear I love her by no shining star,
Her gloves and slippers charm me not all.

And, therefore, I'm in great perplexity;
In doubt my mind between two thought's doth move—
That one of them is true seems plain to me—
I am not poet, or else do not love.
—H. E. K., in Brooklyn Life.

A DISAPPEARING ARMY.

Half the Host Who Fought in the Rebellion Have Passed Away.

The report of the adjutant general of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Louisville, shows that there were 357,639 names on the muster-roll of that organization on the 30th of last June. As the membership reported for June 30, 1894, was 371,555, there has been a loss in membership in one year of 13,916. This is not so large a loss as was given for the previous twelve months, which was 25,678, but as a steady decline has been shown in the last five reports, this feature of the Grand Army reports has doubtless become permanent. The organization reached its largest membership in 1890, when 409,489 names were on the muster rolls. For 24 years it had grown steadily, and then the recession began, which will continue until the last member is mustered on the eternal camping ground.

It is true that only a little over half the loss of membership in the past year came from deaths, but the steady increase of these gives indubitable proof that the army that fought to save the Union is disappearing at a constantly accelerated pace. The number of deaths in the Grand Army during each of the ten past years and the percentage to membership is as follows:

For year ending—		Pr ct.
March 31, 1886	3,029	0.93
March 31, 1887	3,408	0.95
March 31, 1888	4,493	1.13
June 30, 1889	4,694	1.15
June 30, 1890	5,476	1.33
June 30, 1891	5,965	1.45
June 30, 1892	6,404	1.61
June 30, 1893	7,092	1.78
June 30, 1894	7,284	1.97
June 30, 1895	7,308	2.05

It will be noticed that the number of deaths steadily increases, and that the percentage stood still only one year, in 1893, and that was due to a rapid increase in the number of members. In view of this increase in deaths it becomes an interesting question when the army will finally disappear. The best attainable information shows that about one-half of the men recruited for the Union armies still survive. The number of men enlisted during the war is supposed to have been a little in excess of 2,000,000, and as 400,000 of these died in the service and after discharge, but before the war ended, and 600,000 have died during the 30 years, there are probably now about 1,000,000 men surviving who took part in the war. The average age of the ex-soldiers in 1885 was about 26 years, which would make the average age of the veterans now about 56 years.

A rough estimate has been made showing that with the normal death rate occurring among the army veterans there ought to be between 200,000 and 300,000 surviving to take part in the semi-centennial of the close of the war of the rebellion in 1915, and that 40,000 will probably be alive to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1926. The following table, prepared by Pension Commissioner Lochren and intended to show the fluctuations in the pension list, will throw some light on this question:

Year.	Pensions.	Year.	Pensions.
1890	1,099,537	1910	535,255
1891	1,078,755	1915	367,189
1892	1,037,767	1920	215,172
1893	1,034,968	1925	99,196
1894	1,011,794	1930	31,645
1895	987,815	1935	5,382
1900	854,461	1940	293
1905	705,413		

As the pension list includes a large number of women, whose average duration of life is longer than that of men, this table is not a trustworthy guide as to veteran survivors. It is probable that there may be a few survivors beyond 1940. The last revolutionary pensioner died at Saratoga in 1867, aged 101 years, and eighty-four years after the close of the revolutionary war. If any one of the veterans of the war of the rebellion should survive an equal number of years after his term of service had expired in 1865, he would be living in 1949 to witness the almost incredible growth in prosperity and power which in all human probability will have taken place by that time in a country whose life he risked his own to save.—Philadelphia Press.

VIRTUES OF HOT WATER.

A hot bath on going to bed even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs.

Inflamed parts will subside under the continual poulticing of real hot water.

Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, and it should be, it aids us in sterilizing our wound.

A riotous stomach will nearly always receive gratefully a glass or more of hot water.

Doesn't Sound Much Like "Fire."

One of the curiosities of the cable code method of sending information is shown in a recent message announcing the loss by fire of a ship at sea. The whole message was conveyed in three words of Scott's cable code: "Smouldered, hurrah! hallelujah!" "Smouldered" stands for "the ship has been destroyed by fire;" "hurrah" for "crew saved by boats," and "hallelujah" for "all hands saved—inform wives and sweethearts."—New York Tribune.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"Yes," observed the master of ceremonies, "you weep to the jury beautifully, but let us again rehearse your glare at the defendant."

By dint of much drilling, the affair passed off very creditably, and was described as one of the prettiest home divorces of the season.—Detroit Tribune.

Explains Why They Are So Scarce.

As a rule, a good husband is a satisfied husband.—Atchison Globe.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword, or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in a world of shame
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior—Joaquin Miller.

DR. TALMAGE'S NEW PULPIT.

HE WILL PREACH REGULARLY TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

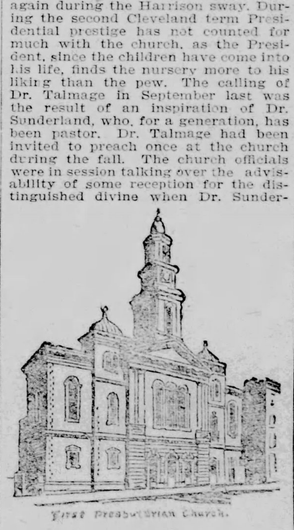
The Great Divine Leaves Brooklyn for the Nation's Capital—Reasons for the Change.

The installation of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage as co-pastor with Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, of the First Presbyterian church, of Washington, D. C., will take place Wednesday evening next. The exercises will be held at the church, at 7:30 o'clock that evening. The moderator, Rev. Mr. Allen, will preside and put the constitutional questions. Rev. Tennis S. Hamlin, D. D., will have charge of the devotional exercises, Rev. C. D. Ramsdell, D. D., alternate. Sermon to be preached by Rev. David Gregg, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Charge to the people, Rev. B. F. Bittinger, D. D.; alternate, Rev. W. C. Alexander, D. D. Charge to co-pastor, Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D. D.; alternate, Rev. T. S.

DR. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Hamlin, D. D. Prayer at the close of the sermon, Rev. T. C. Easton, D. D.; alternate, Rev. G. N. Luccock, D. D.

The First church is the "President's church," the worshiping place of the President being thus familiarly known. Dr. Newman's church, during the Grant regime, became very famous as the general's place of prayer. The First church is in an out-of-the-way place, a few blocks from the Capitol. Years ago the fashionable set moved away toward the White House, and left the plain little brick church to the care of surrounding boarding-houses and encroaching shops. Its life was languishing when Grover Cleveland, in 1884, discovered in Rev. Byron Sunderland an old friend and took a pew in his church. He was quite regular at worship during his first term and the prosperity of the church increased. Then it fell away again during the Harrison sway. During the second Cleveland term Presidential prestige has not counted for much with the church, as the President, since the children have come into his life, finds the nursery more to his liking than the pew. The calling of Dr. Talmage in September last was the result of an inspiration of Dr. Sunderland, who, for a generation, has been pastor. Dr. Talmage had been invited to preach once at the church during the fall. The church officials were in session talking over the advisability of some reception for the distinguished divine when Dr. Sunder-



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

land jumped to his feet and said: 'Brethren, here we are asking this man to preach once for us. Why not ask him to stay with us permanently?" The impossibility of the church's succeeding in securing Dr. Talmage was at once voiced by the various deacons, but Dr. Sunderland insisted, and a call was thereupon sent to Dr. Talmage to be co-pastor. It was promptly accepted by the Brooklyn preacher, who, since the burning of his last big tabernacle a few years ago, has been uneasy without a regular church connection.

Here are the reasons given by Dr. Talmage for changing the scene of his labors: "I feel that this is a national opportunity. In Washington much of the intellect and thought of the country settles, not to speak of the vast incoming and outgoing throng. Yes, I had that in New York, but the work there was different, and I missed the warmth and support only to be found in parish work. The finger of Providence seemed to point to Washington, and Providence is always my guide. I had a number of other calls, or rather invitations, to consider. One of the greatest I had this summer was to go to London. Every inducement was offered me, but I felt that for 200 years we had been Americans, and I could

DR. SUNDERLAND.

not live away from this country. Another opportunity was in connection with the Red Cross work. Twenty thousand dollars was raised, and I was asked to take it to the suffering Armenians. I wished very much to undertake the task, and asked protection from the Turkish government. It was very courteous to me, but, after asking what cities I should visit, they could only say: 'Come to Constantinople and the money will be distributed there for you.' That was hardly the idea, you know, but to have started out without government protection and all that money about me would have been simply an invitation to the brigands. If I had gone there it would not have interfered with my pastoral work, as I would have taken but two or three months."

Dr. Talmage's first sermon in his new pulpit will be Sunday evening, October 26.

All Went Mad.

At Ratzeburg, Germany, Street Inspector Schultze died demented last year. His wife followed him a few weeks later. One son and one daughter had previously died in lunatic asylums, and a younger daughter is still an inmate of such an institution. A few weeks ago the remaining members of the family—the eldest son and two daughters—sought death voluntarily, the man first shooting his sisters and then himself.

Alas, No.

Slim (supercilliously)—"Some men are all muscle and no brains."

Miss Tiller—"And some are not even vice versa."—Detroit Free Press.

—Look out for colds this season. Keep yourself well and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great tonic and blood purifier.

CHANGE WANTED.

Senator Dolph, of Oregon, in speaking against the reduction of the tariff on wool, said:

"Mr. President—I have said that there has been a change in the sentiment of the people, so far as we can judge by recent elections. The other day when I was discussing the bill I quoted some verses, and an admiring friend has sent me some more, which, while I will not become responsible for the meter, are so pertinent that I think I will occupy the time of the senate in reading them:"

The flour barrel is empty
And the lard is getting low,
And folks with whom I've dealt
Demand the cash I owe;
And many times I've blamed myself
For voting for a "chance,"
While learning through my stomach
What I couldn't through my brains.

There's no money in my pocket,
And there's coal in the bin;
The weather's growing colder
And my breeches mighty thin
I am longing for the "good old times,"
And my conscience gives me pain,
For I'm learning through my stomach
What I couldn't through my brains.

The factory hasn't started up
And times are mighty slow,
And daily I am adding more
To the little bills I owe;
Each day I figure losses,
Where I used to count up gains,
And I've learned through my stomach
What I couldn't through my brains.

Soup houses have been opened,
But this diet is awful thin;
Free traders make their promises
And denounce the McKinley tin;
But the people have grown wiser,
Losses don't size up with gains,
They have learned through their stomach
What they couldn't through their brains.

There's a day of judgment coming
For those who fooled me so,
There's a day of retribution
For those who made times slow;
I am going to vote to change times back
When I can count up gains,
For I've learned through my stomach
What I couldn't through my brains.

They pity the "poor farmer,"
And daffy well the workingman,
And praise Democracy
To all the people of the land;
And how they love the "pensioner,"
It gives the veterans pains,
For they've learned through their stomachs
What they couldn't through their brains.

They promised us much better times,
And money free as mud,
But work has stopped and wages dropped
Way down—with a dull thud!
But soon we'll settle these blatherskites
And give the liars pains,
For we've learned through our stomachs
What we couldn't through our brains.

IN A RUINED VAULT

Sleeps the Father of George Washington.

The recent steps taken by the government toward the erection of a monument to mark the birthplace of George Washington, and the proposal to place a memorial over the grave of the mother of the first President of the United States, bring to mind the fact that nothing has been said or done toward placing a memorial over the body of the father of the man who will always be "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There has been a great deal heard of Mary, the mother of Washington, and this appears to have thrown the father into oblivion. No one doubts that Mary Washington was a good woman, but it is more than likely that George inherited some part of his character from his father, perhaps the streak of obstinacy that stood him in good stead when temptations surrounded him.

It seems only fair that the paternal progenitor of the immortal George should be remembered. If the Daughters of the Revolution erect a monument to Washington's mother, why should not the Sons of the Revolution bestir themselves and place a memorial over the grave of Washington's father? It has long been a standing disgrace to this nation that it has so long neglected the graves of both.

There was a monument erected over Mary Washington's grave as far back as the year 1835. The corner stone was laid by Andrew Jackson, who was at that time President of the United States. But as time passed on the monument, a small one at best, was sadly neglected. Recently a movement to replace the old and dilapidated memorial has been started, and with success; but nothing has been done to mark the resting place of Augustine Washington, whose body rests in a vault in Wakefield, near Bridges Creek, Westmoreland county, Va.

Augustine Washington, the father of the immortal George, died on April 12, 1743, in Stafford county, Virginia. He was a son of Lawrence Washington, who was a son of John Washington. And here the genealogy of the Washington family ends, or rather begins. The attempts to trace the ancestry of Washington back to the old and noble English families, and to prove that a Washington coat of arms existed are as un-American as they are ridiculous. The only real fact—although there have been many fanciful theories advanced—regarding the Washington family is that John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, settled in Virginia in the year 1657.

The Washington homestead in Wakefield is situated on the Potomac river, seventy miles below the city of Washington, and four miles from the town of Colonial Beach, Va. All that remains of the house in which the immortal George Washington was born is a ruined chimney. It is proposed to erect a monument here to mark the spot where Washington first saw the light of day.

The burial ground, in which the members of the Washington family were laid to rest for generations occupies a space sixty feet square. The arch of the vault in which Augustine Washington's body was placed fell in many years ago, and the excavation

WAITED ON THE DUKE.

The Salesman Didn't Know Until Late Who "Mr. Angus" Was.

He was a young man with a high collar, and he didn't look very different from other young men who wear high collars and long coats and talk with an English accent, says the New York Herald. He went into a Broadway store near Fourteenth st., one day last week and bought a bill of goods. He selected them with great care, and wrote in a clear, legible hand the address to which he wished to have them shipped. The card read:

Mr. ANGUS,
Blenheim Castle,
Oxfordshire,
England.

"Think the goods will be to your satisfaction, Mr. Angus?" said the glib tongued salesman. "Take one of our catalogues, Mr. Angus, and whenever in want of anything in our line let us know. Em Mr. Robinson."

"Pleased to meet you," said the young man simply.

"Ah, and by the way," continued the salesman, "our terms are thirty days or cash. Just as you please, Mr. Angus."

"Just send the bill around to me," said the young man in the high collar. "This is the name they know me by around at the hotel."

He hastily scribbled a word or two on a leaf of paper and handed it to the salesman, with a cheery "Good morning." And that scrap of paper, elaborately framed, hangs in the parlor of a Harlem flat. It reads: "The Duke of Marlborough, Waldorf Hotel."

A Relic Finds Its Owner.

In the Manassas, Va., Journal of August 23, we gave an account of the finding of a handsome gold ring on the old battle-field near town by Mr. Laws Spencer. On the inside of the ring was the inscription, "One of twenty-nine, O. C. Henderson, July 4, 1859." Rev. Mr. Nourse took an active interest in the matter and this week he received a letter from Mr. Henderson, who was engaged in a railroad survey in Georgia. His finger bearing the ring was shot away during the battle. Mr. Nourse recovered the ring for its owner and has since forwarded it to him.

Chance for Improvement.

New York World:—The English can build very good yachts when they try. There is no doubt of that. But there are respects in which their lords need improving.

MISS WHITNEY'S NUPTIALS.

DAUGHTER OF THE EX-SECRETARY WILL MARRY.

One of America's Richest Girls Captured by a Britisher—Some of Her Bridal Gifts.

All arrangements have been practically completed for the wedding of Miss Pauline Whitney and Almerco Hugh Paget, which will take place early in November in St. Thomas's Episcopal church, the swell church on Fifth ave. The bride is the daughter of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, and is one of the richest heiresses in America. The groom is one of the fourteen children of the celebrated Paget family of England.

MISS PAULINE WHITNEY.

They have tried to work up a pretty fiction about the young man coming over here ten years ago without any other capital than his brains and pluck and making a fortune in handling real estate. The fact is that young Paget, who is just turned thirty, did have little money, but he had a wealth of rich connections on both sides of the Atlantic, which at once put him in touch with the money making institutions of America.

Miss Whitney has just passed her twenty-first year. She is her father's favorite. Her debut in society was very sad. Over the attendant festivities fell the shadow of her mother's impending death. Twice during that fateful evening Mrs. Whitney had to be restored by restoratives. The next day the fluttering debutante, whose large innocent eyes had just opened to the beauties and the dangers of social life, forgot society for the sickbed of her mother, who died four weeks later. Then the 2-year old baby, Dorothy, fell ill, and the father became melancholy. Upon Miss Whitney devolved the task of restoring brightness to the home. She succeeded, but her nerves gave way. A trip to Egypt was taken for her health. There she met Mr. Paget, and they fell in love.

Miss Whitney is the idol of her multi-millionaire uncle, Oliver Payne, the oil king, and her grandparents, the Paynes, of Ohio. No one can give a correct estimate of Mr. Whitney's wealth, but he ranks as one of the Croesuses of New York. They say he will give his daughter as a wedding present a cool million, or an annual settlement of $50,000. This latter plan would be in accord with his idea of keeping the fortune intact, and making a house of Whitney like the house of Astor. All Mrs. Whitney's laces and jewels have been put aside since her death and kept for her daughter's wedding day.

A very beautiful wedding gift has been brought over for her by the Duke of Marlborough, who is to marry Miss Vanderbilt. Miss Whitney's wedding presents will include several houses. The New York house is for her when she enters into the New York season during the grand opera period. The home in Minnesota is where she will reside during her husband's busiest time in real estate, and her Newport, Lenox and Bar Harbor residences, for the Whitneys have cottages in every place, will be open during the summer season. The yacht Columbia will be at her disposal, and, from all accounts, the entire present

ALMERIC HUGH PAGET.

possessions of the family will be turned over to her. She has so individualized everything that it is all hers as a spontaneous gift from her idolizing family.

Among Miss Whitney's gifts will be a superb floral offering from the boys of a certain florist's establishment which has been kept alive for years by the Whitney patronage. And another will be a set of the finest bedding from the maids of the household. This affection of her social inferiors is a tribute to her sweetness of character, which is largely the result of the chastening sorrow of her earlier years. The bridal couple will spend the honeymoon in Europe, where Mrs. Paget will be presented at court.

WORTH KNOWING.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has and probably deserves the reputation of being the largest in the world.

The oldest known corsets were found on the mummy of an Egyptian princess, dating 2,000 years before Christ.

The greatest bell is that long famous as the giant of the Kremlin, in Moscow. Its weight is 443,722 pounds.

The oldest perfumes were those recovered from Egyptian tombs, 1,500 to 2,000 years before the Christian Era.

The longest recorded hair growing on the female head was eight feet. The longest recorded beard was twelve feet.

The largest hall in the United States is said to be the Wigwam at Chicago, which will seat 20,000 spectators.

The oldest republic on the earth is that of San Marino, in Italy. Its independence dates from Roman times.

The largest fresh water lake is Lake Superior, 32,000 square miles, or nearly one-half the size of Missouri.

ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS.

The Latest Scheme for My Lady's Dressing Table.

In this age of fashion and style, the art of hair-dressing and the ability to do it in good taste and according to the prevailing canons of art, such trifles as crimping irons and curling tongs count, and are never overlooked. And yet what clumsy and dangerous contrivances have been provided hitherto, for these purposes! We say "dangerous" advisedly, knowing how many sad and serious accidents are constantly occurring in the dressing-rooms of ladies, consequent upon having to heat these small but indispensable appliances over a gas jet or the deadly kerosene lamp, which is liable to explode or to be overturned at a most critical moment, when it will spread injury or death around. Now all this is changed, these dangers obviated, by the introduction of electrically heated crimping irons and curling tongs, which, with their artistic little heater, can stand on the toilet or dressing table as harmless as the ubiquitous hairpin, and as innocuous as a dressing comb and brush.

CALVIN'S HIRED MAN

Our Calvin has a hired man,
He calls him "Little Jim."
Jim had great need of Calvin's barl,
And Cal had need of him.
They formed a shrew co-partnership
To carry O-hi-o;
But when November fifth shall come
They'll find where Demmies go.

The voters of the Buckeye state,
They'll find, are wide awake;
No railroad colonization scheme
This year with them will take.
But Cal will haste to tap his barl,
And Jimmie'll blow his horn;
And free will flow "dot lager peer"
Until election morn.

But when the votes are counted out,
The rooster'll droop his tail
And from the woods on every side
Will come a piteous wail.
For the blunders of Democracy
Have been noted long and well,
And the tidal wave of votes will be
For Foraker and Bushnell.

And up the great salt stream shall go,
With those who've gone before
Our Calvin and his little Jim,
To return to us no more.
And then our chair in the senate house
New York no more shall claim,
For Joseph is an Ohio man,
And he'll take care of the same.
—A. W. Ash.

SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.

October Sunshine Is but a Delusion—Chilling Blasts Are Coming.

From the most reliable authority it is learned that the goosebone is nearly all white this year. To the careless, unthinking person this means little, but to the coal dealer, the plumber and the man who repairs furnaces, this means a rich season of harvest, for snow will cover the ground early in December, and continue until late in April.

Wise men will prepare for a hard winter. A long, cold winter filled with blustering storms and chilling winds is an inevitable of the near future, and the bland, golden weather of this October month should not deceive the man who has not as yet made his peace with the coal dealer. The everceatless may thrive for a brief season, but sooner or later—and ten to one it will be sooner—they will hurry for the morning car with chattering teeth and numbed limbs.

More perfect weather than the past two or three days would be difficult to imagine. There has been just enough frost to turn the maple leaves, of all streets, groves and woodland is garbed in a variety of hues equalled only in the famous coat given Joseph of old by his fond father, just before he turned him over to the jealous brothers who unwittingly sent him on his way to win fame and fortune. There are just enough clouds in the sky these days to add to the glory of the October sun, and when one looks at the hazy horizon it appears so warm, so seductive, so lazy, that one forgets all about taking that overcoat down to the tailor to have the button holes worked over, and the man who repairs furnaces waits in vain for a call. Any man with a streak of poetry in his makeup can talk for hours upon the beauties of the fall season in this latitude, but it is noticeable that the tramp, who cares less about poetry than poetry, is working his way toward the southland and the cotton states exposition. Such of the wandering Willies as elect to spend the winter in the North, court arrest for vagrancy, and plead guilty with a visible look of joyous anticipation of a work house sentence when brought into the petty court.

The goosebone is not alone in predicting the approach of winter. Corn shucks are unusually thick this fall, and the bark on the hickory trees is of a thickness betokening a prospective struggle with a low barometer. The chipmunks and squirrels have gathered an extra quantity of nuts, and the fur on the rabbit is as heavy as it ordinarily is in midwinter. Down on the marsh and up and down the length of Ten Mile Creek the muskrat has dotted the landscape with his little thatched cottages, the walls of which are built with a view to withstanding chilliness of unusual severity. The muskrat himself is sleek and fat—fat enough to kill.

There are other signs, too. The price of coal has advanced, and the ice wagons which all summer long patrolled the residence districts have gone out of commission. No longer are the screen doors displayed in front of hardware stores, and the sticky fly paper advertisements have been removed from the street cars. Straw hats have disappeared and the man with tennis trousers will be seen no more until next summer.

To those who own their own homes, the bulletins that winter has started southward from Manitoba brings no terrors. They have coal in the cellar, and base burners in the parlor. To the great middle class, the edict of the goosebone man means an extra hustle. The problem of how to cultivate the graces of the coal baron, how to trade the gas stove for one which will burn the product of the mines, and the task of taking an inventory of what the moths have spared occupy the attention of the family in the evenings. But it is the class which buys coal by the ton, and to whom woolen clothing and well-cooked meals are strangers that the approach of winter fills with terror—and for them, too, the mercury in the thermometers falls an extra two or three degrees.

But welcome or not, cold, blustering winter weather will soon be here, and when it comes it will not loosen its icy grasp until even later in the spring than usual.

LOVE CHALLENGED.

Look thou on me not lightly, Love!
Forewarn but once, with herald eyes;
Then take all vantage of war—
Trick, stratagem, surprise!

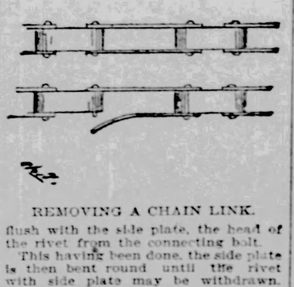
For so do I contemn and hate
The loveless ranks that I am in;
As lief would I desert as fight,
And liefer lose than win!

I court an ambush, crave a hurt,
And beg no other, meeter doom,
Than donning fetters, Love! of thine!
Quick! find me prison-room!
—Charles Newton-Robinson.

HOW TO REMOVE A LINK.

Here's Something Bicyclists Should Know About.

The Cycle Manufacturer illustrates the right and the wrong method of taking a link out of a bicycle chain. It seems that the wrong method is the usual one. It consists of filing off,



REMOVING A CHAIN LINK.

flush with the side plate, the head of the rivet from the connecting bolt. This having been done, the side plate is then bent round until the rivet with side plate may be withdrawn. This is the usual and the wrong way to do it.

Now for the right way. File all around the heads of the rivets B and C so as to make them smaller in diameter but no shorter. The plate on the other side may be easily withdrawn, taking with it the rivets, and, if it should be necessary to replace the link, all you have to do is to put it in position and spread the heads of the rivets with a center punch.

Emancipated.

He—Miss Ella, I love you! I am here at your feet—I am your slave!

She—My slave? Very well, I will give you your freedom.—Fliegende Blaetter.

LOVELY PHOTO FREE.

With the sole object of introducing into thousands of new homes our mammoth fifty-six column weekly family story paper we will send to each person who sends us 25c (stamps or silver) for a 3 months' trial subscription to our great paper, a free gift of a handsome cabinet photo 8x8 inches of marvelous Rockymountain scenery true to life. Our paper illustrates this famous scenery each week and contains pure western stories of love and adventure, th you. Club of five and 5 photos, $1. Send to-day. Mention this BLADE and address Illustrated Weekly, Denver Colorado.

GRATEFUL--COMFORTING.

Epps's Cocoa

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—"CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

AGENTS wanted, both sexes. Goods sent to reliable persons to be paid for after sold. Sample free. Electricity from the batteries will turn a needle through the hardest steel. Cures rheumatism, liver and kidney disease, weak and lame back, etc. For advertising purposes we will give away a FEW BEST PRIZE OF ANY COST to one person in each locality. Address E. J. Smead & Co., Dept. No. 17, Vineland, N. J.

AGENTS—Male or female, make big money working for us. Write National Artists' Association, 140 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS wanted all over. New Novelty. Big Seller at 150. Samples and instructions 10c. L. P. Veltrusa & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE.

Manhood Restored. Small, weak organs enlarged. Nervousness,

COMPENSATION.

All the sorrow life can bring,
All the shadow death can fling,
All the sunshine on the plain,
All the ache of heart and brain,
All the pain and all the strife,
All—aye, more than all of life,
It is worth at last to stand
In God's presence, hand in hand.

This the hope that spans the years,
This the rainbow seen thro' tears;
This the joy that waits for me,
Hidden deep with God and Thee.
All earth's shadows swept aside,
Lost on life's receding tide,
On the heights beyond the blue,
Safe at last with God and you.
—Maud Abbey.

IS IT A REAL DUTY?

IT WOULD BE WELL TO OFTENER ASK THIS QUESTION.

Do Not Mourn Over Impossibilities—Comfort Not Life's Highest Object.

My attention was arrested the other day by an expression in an article published in that helpful little magazine entitled Eleanor Kirk's Idea. Two friends were talking and one said to the other, "If you cannot go, why do you say you ought to go?" The reply was that under the sad circumstances detailed, she had always gone to the sufferer before, and she felt "she ought to do so now."

"Then why do you not?" said the listener to the explanation.

"I simply cannot. It is impossible!" And then followed a statement of duties to be done, each of which was imperative and not to be neglected without doing her family a wrong.

And yet she felt that she "ought" and was making herself unhappy because she could not!

There is a great deal of false sentiment in that sort of thing, and many of us are guilty of yielding to it, when the true way, the brave way, is to do the duty nearest to hand first, and then to feel no remorse when we are unable to accomplish impossibilities. It is quite likely that we may be misjudged, a thing to which we are often unduly sensitive. In the end, however, we can so act as to disarm unjust criticism, or, if we cannot, the strength given by a consciousnes of having done the best we could will help us to bear it patiently.

The word "ought" is a strong one and should be ever present to our thought, but not employed indiscriminately. When we are doing all that we can to fulfil our obligations to our families and to those among whom our lot is cast, the duty required of us is at an end. We must work unselfishly; we must extend a helping hand wherever the need is and it is within our power; but if the hand is needed elsewhere for real duties, then we must content ourselves with sending a thought instinct with sympathy—a sympathy thrilling with courage. Thoughts are things, with a power proportioned to the force with which they are sent forth, and though unseen they will do their work, as I have often said before.

"How can we work 'unselfishly' when most of our strength and energy are given to making those we love comfortable and happy? It is a pleasure to do this," I hear some happy wife and mother saying.

You are a fortunate woman, indeed, if your home duties never tax or burden you; never compel you to use self-denial, or to exercise the virtue of patience in a large degree. If this be so, then you will have a larger degree of strength to put forth helping hands to those around you who need your good offices. What I want to get at is this: They are the duties near at hand which are to be done first. After these are fulfilled, whatever strength and leisure are left should be wisely employed for others; in doing what to us seems most important to accomplish for humanity. There is no possible "ought" in lashing ourselves to do more than we have strength to accomplish without exhaustion; no righteousness in a self-reproach for leaving undone what would compel a neglect of nearer duties. And when we make ourselves unhappy because of this lack of power, it is a useless sentimentality.

Understand me, I do not for one moment counsel a carelessness with regard to the good works in which we can take no outward part. There is always the helpful thought to which we can give wings; there is always the cheery word to be spoken, so that we need never fail any one because we are compelled to refrain from physical action.

What I have said will answer those letters received, in which the writers desire to know how to harmonise their daily life and its duties with the unceasing demand from the outside world, which is moving in so many ways for the betterment of humanity.

"To be comfortable and sheltered is not the purpose of living, but to push on and out and develop one's faculties and accomplish something. One should listen, not to the buzzing of gnats in the air, but to the inner oracle. "The soul's emphasis is always right."

There is perhaps only one thing more pernicious than the habit of giving advice, and that is the habit of taking it. If one can not steer his own course it is perhaps better to be attached to another craft and follow its lead than to go down in mid-ocean; but it is quite clear that such a course is by no means an ideal voyage. He who has no purpose of his own to illuminate his way may falter along by his neighbor's torch, but at best this method is but a makeshift."

This is a paragraph from an article of Lilian Whiting's in the Boston Budget, and it expresses so much in a few lines, that I could not resist its quotation. "To be comfortable and sheltered" is the key to the purpose of life in far too many cases; to have what is called a good time as the world goes; to eat, drink and be merry. We are obliged to eat and drink, it is true, in order to live, but the eating and drinking need not be made the whole emphasis of life. It is good to be merry, too, to turn a bright face to the world, that some heavy hearts may be made glad, but to spend the days and nights in a mad pursuit of selfish pleasure, blunts both mental and moral perceptions and prevents growth in the right direction.

This seeking to be comfortable and sheltered—a good thing to wish for, to be sure, when made to assume the right proportions—leads to much of the trouble and the inharmony in the world. Comfort and shelter are very elastic words and grow apace with selfish desires. Too many marriages are entered into with the sole thought of the creature comforts, so to speak, that are thus to be obtained. The inevitable struggle against the bond comes sooner or later with its consequent misery.

The real object of living is to develop the faculties, not only of the mind, but of the soul, to grow into better conditions, to "accomplish something." And, as Miss Whiting says, let the inner self tell what that "something" shall be. We can never make any mistake when we shut out the tumult about us and listen to its speech. "The soul's emphasis is always right." And it is true that the wise man or woman rarely seeks advice from others, but strengthens his own character by self-reliance. It is true also that mistakes may come, for the inner voice is not always heard aright, but it is better to make them and suffer the consequences, than to depend upon others to steer his craft "over the sea."

Speaking of self-reliance reminds me of the old Scotchman, who never did anything without asking for advice, which he was never known to take. It came to be well understood by all his neighbors and looked upon in the light of a good joke. One day when he had approached a friend in his usual confidential way, the latter bluntly asked him why he had such a habit.

"Weel," responded the man, "I never ask onybody's advice until I've thought it all over and made up my mind what to do, then I like to find out what other people wad do in my place. It don't hurt them, and it pleases me, though mostly we differ."

There are a good many people like the old Scotchman. They "mostly differ." EMILY S. BOUTON.

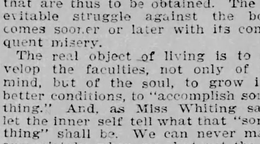
SOME OTHER "DATA."

Obtained by the Fancy Work Editor From the Lady's Cozy Corner.

Encouraged by her success at the last meeting, the Fancy Work Editor was an early visitor to the Cozy Corner this week, and looked on with a good deal of interested curiosity as Miss Ada Simpson drew from her work bag some neatly bound pieces of glass and began over handing them together. Being of the feminine persuasion, she did not look on in silence for any length of time, but obtained from Miss Ada the following directions for making a

Dainty Jewel Case.

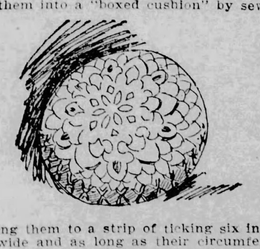
Have a glazier cut from clear glass two pieces 6 by 4 inches in size; two pieces 6 by 1 inch, and two pieces 4 by 1 inch. Bind the edges with narrow ribbon of any preferred color, putting it on with white mucilage and taking care to have it overlap the glass firmly on each side. Overnand together the pieces forming the box, and fasten the cover at one side with hinges of ribbon. Paint a floral design, the owner's name or initials, or an appropriate motto on a piece of wider ribbon matching the binding in color, and paste it diagonally across the cover hiding the ends under pretty bows. Make a pad to fit the bottom of the case, out of silk matching the ribbon, quilted in diamonds over scented cotton, or if you prefer tuft it with baby ribbon.



Having made a note of this pretty bureau decoration, the Fancy Work editor turned her attention to Mrs. H. W. Sears, who was struggling with a huge round cushion, and seemed likely to get the worst of it. She called it a

Turkish Sofa Pillow.

Cut two circular pieces of ticking, each 24 inches in diameter and make them into a "boxed cushion" by sewing them to a strip of ticking six ins. wide and as long as their circumference; leave an opening through which to fill it with curled hair, feathers or down. Cover the top and bottom smoothly with bright red satin, covering the sides with a puff of the same. Get two fine chamois skins and cut out two circular pieces the size of the pillow. Scallop the edges, working an eyelet hole in each point. Have an all-over design which can be cut out after working, stamped upon the skins, and work the entire pattern in button-hole stitch, using heavy embroidery silk of different colors that blend nicely with the satin. Lace the bottom and top together with a heavy old-gold, silk cord.



More notes were taken, and the editor wandered across the room to a secluded corner, where three or four ladies were discussing the suffrage question and watching Grace Hart make a

Fancy Work-Bag.

A strip of red and white ticking one-half yard long and one-fourth yard wide was the foundation of this bag, the white strips being very prettily ornamented with feather stitching. This was folded in the middle, the sides being joined by a puffing of pongee. The upper part of the work-bag was also of the pongee, having a deep hem at the top, shirred for ribbon draw-strings. The seaming of the upper and lower portions of the bag were hidden by narrow white ribbon, and the bottom of the bag was decorated with balls made of worsted, the whole forming a very pretty 'scarlet and white" effect.

THE COOK TREATS

The Members of the Cozy Corner to an Informal Little Supper.

After the afternoon session of the members of The Blade Cozy Corner was called to order by the president, the Cook took the floor, and in a few "spicy" and "seasonable" words invited all present to a very informal little supper in her department, where, when more serious matters should have been discussed to their satisfaction, she had a trifle or two to present for their consideration. The invitation was accepted promptly and unanimously, and the subjects she offered were so full of interest to some of the ladies present that they prevailed upon the Cook to expound them for the benefit of The Blade public generally.

One topic was so thoroughly discussed there was absolutely nothing left of it. This was

Molded Chicken.

Boil a chicken in as little water as possible, until the meat falls off the bones; pick it off carefully, chop rather fine and season with salt and pepper. Put into the bottom of a mold some slices of hard-boiled eggs, next a layer of chicken; continue the layers alternately until the mold is full; boil down the liquor in which the chicken was cooked to a cupful, season and pour over the chicken; let it stand over night or all day. Garnish with celery leaves and slice down at the table.

Another subject that received universal attention was

White Potatoes.

Boil and peel the potatoes, cut them in halves and lay them in a vegetable dish. Make a sauce of 1 cupful butter, 2 teaspoonfuls flour; mix thoroughly, put in a sauce pan, pouring into it gradually 1 pint boiling water, stirring constantly. Chop 2 hard-boiled eggs very fine, add to the sauce; add salt if the butter does not season it enough, and pour over the potatoes. Serve very hot.

And a third "point" which every member semed able to grasp—in fact, some of them "grasped" two or three times—was concerning

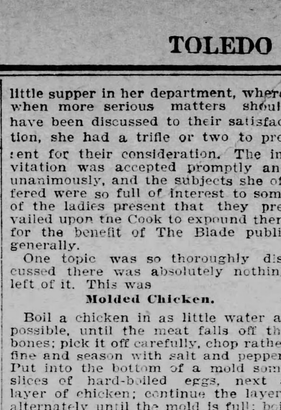
Tea Rusk.

One cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls sweet milk, 6 cupfuls flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake immediately.

Cake and fruit closed this animated discussion, the cake being rightly named

Delicate Cake.

One cupful butter, 3 cupfuls sugar, 4 cupfuls flour (if for layer cake—if for loaf cake 4 1-2 cupfuls), white of 12 eggs, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful baking powder.



A favorite expression of a good woman whose life showed that she made the words a rule was "Bear your testimony." That is, if you have found through experience that a certain thing is right and best; if you believe in the truth of something which it seems to you will help make others better did they know of it, "Bear your testimony." Never mind who differs with you, or that you may be called a crank, still go right on fearlessly, only make this a rule: Laugh with your opponents, not at them, and do not stop to argue. Simply bear your testimony.

Certainly Nellie, it would be wrong for you to allow your employer to kiss you, even if he should pretend it was a joke. He has no right to joke with you in that way. It is a disrespect to you, a familiarity that is dangerous and to be repelled instantly. A true man, one who is to be trusted, would never treat a young girl in his employ in that way. You are, of course, in a measure helpless, and that of itself should be your protection, but if he has not manliness enough to feel this, you must fearlessly protect yourself. It is the only way.

Isn't this just lovely weather we are having? It would seem as if the most confirmed grumbler could find no fault, and it is just the kind of days when we can work, or shop, or visit, with energy and comfort. Many of the Cozy Corner friends have been very busy during the past week, in buying winter clothing for their families, in finishing up the last odds and ends of the pickling and preserving work, and then this kind of weather seems to inspire every woman (who has such work ever to do) with a desire to clean house, as it is much easier than when it was so warm, and the dust and flies rendered our work or cleaning so almost useless.

Now the chimneys and stove pipes should all be carefully attended to, so that when the stoves are put up, or the furnace started for the winter, these may be no trouble. Many people advocate doing this work in the spring when the fires are dispensed with, and it is a good idea, but during the summer dust will accumulate which should be looked after in the fall.

In old houses the heat of the summer sun will sometimes cause the mortar in the chimneys to become loose, and this should be carefully seen to, as serious fires have sometimes resulted from such defection in a chimney, especially when it passes through an unfinished attic, as is the case in many country houses. In this, as in all other things, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I think that possibly the "Farmer's Wife" who stopped for a moment's chat to-day had been doing extra work and was tired, which would account for her "blue" feeling, for is it not true that these feelings come to us all when we are worn out with fatigue, and things look so very differently than they will when we are rested? But this friend has found something to comfort her at such times, which she generously shares with us all:

As a girl, I used to take the most comfort in writing in my journal, when I had the blues. I feel about blue enough this morning (over low prices) to write to our Cozy Corner. As I presume there are a great many who are feeling down-hearted, I will write the verse that brought a small degree of comfort to my heart:

"Is this the way, my Father?"
"'Tis, my child.
Thou must pass through
This tangled, weary wild
If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled.
Only seek strength above,
Only seek strength above."

L. W. W. comes again with a query this time that ought to bring some very interesting letters from the parents who read the "Cozy Corner." She, too, has been "so busy," but we are glad that she found time to have, and to give us, the pleasure of a little visit.

For days and days I have gone about my work with the sweet thought in my heart of a letter to the Cozy Corner. But labor before pleasure we all know is life's most cogent law, so the "canning," and "pickling," and "preserving" preceded all other duties, and while I quite reminded myself of a veritable mother and in this laying by for the winter months the establishment and progress of the Corner has not passed without my observation and appreciation.

How good a thing it is, no matter what place we hold in life we all have an entree into this happy corner at least. True and praiseworthy George Eliot's words that "gifted minds span the widest social gulf"—not that we are all gifted, save with the faculty to admire the "giftedness" of the other. However, this is much; this power to love and appreciate the genius of another. I once read that it required a poet to translate poetry from one language into another, and so I think it necessary to possess something of greatness within our own souls to appreciate the greatness of others.

But now I pause and introduce my query wherein may be found a bit of caution. A clever, practical friend said to me some time ago, "Did you ever notice how rarely the youngest one, the baby, of families turns out well?" I am inclined to the belief that they do not, as a rule, turn out well. What think our hostess and the cornerites? I pause for a reply though I shall have more to say about the matter next week.—L. W. W.

While cultivation will do much for many plants and most people there still remain some who are best in the place where nature has placed them, and all attempts to improve on her methods result disastrously.

Now ye who are preparing to don your winter wraps and to whom a good fire is quite acceptable now listen to this: If some of the ladies of the Cozy Corner make yeast bread from whole wheat flour will they give their formula through this department? I think strawberries and whole wheat bread would be delightful together. This is the first day of October, and we had saucers of strawberries fresh from the vines for tea.

I think Miss Bouton's talk is all too true about rush, push and jostle.—Buckeye Californian.

Fresh strawberries in October!—the editor is of the opinion that they would be delightful even without whole wheat bread.

A new friend, one from North Carolina, has some very good suggestions for "Hazel Dell," evidently the result of experience, which adds to their value.

"I have long been a silent admirer of the Household, but I come now, asking a bit of information, and giving a few dots of methods of work in the home as it may be of some interest to Hazel Dell, who asks for help in giving a systematic way of housework. The first rule is, never let your work get ahead of you. I have always found the best plan is first, to sift the work to needful and the fairly required, and then to know how to do, in the very best, time-and-labor saving methods, that which remains. For instance, when it comes to only one pair of hands, let her cut off labor that is for mere ornament, in dress and furnishings; let there be plain hems now; by and by these little girls will be grown up, and the boys will be old enough to help more, to bring in less mud and to wear out fewer clothes, and then you can have more fancy quilts and tollettes, and tucked under clothes, pillow shams, etc. Only try to spare time now to train up your children in helpfulness, kindness, courtesy and home loving, and it will seem after all, but a little while until the problem has solved itself, and today's little hinderers will be to-morrow's little helpers, and you can have what you now crave of pretty things.

"There is one day of the week that is looked forward to with dread with most women, and that is washday. Never plan to wash on Monday; but as early a day in the week as possible. Tuesday is best. Cook enough on Monday to do until Wednesday, and don't churn and clean and bake and wash all in one day. On Monday the house needs a little extra putting in order, and generally there is a baby or small child who needs attention. How many over-worked mothers tell you that the "baby is always cross on Monday."

No wonder, not only must care be hastily bestowed, but the over-heated, tired, worried mother sits down to nurse the babe, and he draws poison and not health from her fevered veins; the child sleeps poorly, and cries loudly; his nerves and veins are shating the mental unrest; he is wakeful all night to help wear out his mother, and half the week is passed before the natural tone of the outraged little system is restored.

"Now about washing. Clothes are much easier washed if soaked over night in half a tubful of warm water, into which a large tablespoonful of soft soap, a teaspoonful of borax or soda is dissolved. Soap the soiled places before putting the clothes into soak.

"I will give you a recipe for 'Murphy' soup: Pare and chop fine six good sized potatoes; put them in a kettle with about three pints of water; season with butter, pepper and salt, boil until tender; just before serving, break into it three or four raw eggs, stirring brisky to break the eggs before they cook. I will write again later, if the editor will permit."—Modena.

The editor will be very glad to hear from Modena at any time.

Flora Chase also comes to the Cozy Corner to speak a few words of encouragement to this sister:

I would not try, with so many little ones to care for, to strictly follow any set of rules. A few suggestions, however, may be of value. To commence with the hardest part, I would have Tuesday for wash day. A good washing powder will lessen the labor of this day. Ironing should come early on Wednesday, and while ironing lay aside each garment that needs mending or a button sewed on. Have your workbasket handy. When you sit down to wait for the irons to heat, or to rest after ironing is done, mend each garment, and then they are all ready to be put away and much trouble will be saved. Thursday, devote partly to sewing and partly to rest. Friday should be baking day, unless it is very warm, and it is desirable to have bread and pies fresh for Sunday. Then the week's housecleaning must be done this day, and the baking left for Saturday. Monday should be for general work, and the cutting out of such clothing as must be made through the week. Make an effort to get each day's work done in the forenoon, so you can give the afternoons to rest and recreation.

Try to get the summer sewing all done before the hot weather commences.

Early teach your little ones to help. You will be surprised to see how soon your little boy or girl will learn to get the dinner and wash the dishes, "just to please mamma." But be very careful not to wound the little one's feelings by scolding them for any accidents that may happen in these first attempts. I have in mind a woman who has three little girls, aged 12, 10 and 8 years. These girls will dress a chicken and cook a nice dinner, churn, wash dishes, milk, etc., and be happy all the time. In getting the dinner each little cook is assigned by the mother the dishes she is to prepare. And the father is sure to praise each one in its turn. This is an incentive for better work the next time.—Flora Chase.

Flora Chase and S. A. B. came in to help Mrs. Lelah G. in her perplexity as to what she should do with her child to amuse and instruct him.

In answer to Lelah G.'s request: A child in the Third reader will require some help to read any book, however simple, understandingly. It is true, the mother of a growing family is tasked to find time to provide for the bodily comfort of the little flock, but look around you, mother; see if you have not been doing some unnecessary work. Oh, that mothers might realize the great responsibility resting upon them, and then will they find time to assist the mental and moral development of their children. Give them plainer food; bake fewer pies and cakes, and their minds, as well as stomachs, will profit thereby. Make their clothes in the plainest way, and of serviceable material. Do not attempt crocheting or fancy work of any kind. Do less ironing. A great many things, sheets, pillow slips, towels, underclothes, etc., do just as well without. Much better your friends should see a few wrinkles in your children's clothes than that they should grow up with wrinkled and undeveloped hearts and minds. See to it that your child does not become selfish. Early impress upon him the necessity of considering first the pleasure of others. How many wives of to-day are leading almost intolerable lives, brought about by a selfish husband?

She who gives to the world a noble man will have an everlasting monument.—Flora Chase.

By all means send the list of books you spoke of. It will doubtless help many mothers.—Ed.

We hope that "S. A. B." will not stay away from the Cozy Corner so long again.—

Although being a reader of The Blade, and the Household Department in particular, for 13 years, this is my first call, and I will try and make it a short one, if admitted at all. I would like to tell Mrs. Lelah G. of a few of the books that my little boy of 11 has read. One of the first and best is Black Beauty; it is very interesting and instructive. Another is Beautiful Joe; then, Under the Lilacs, and Winning His Way, and he always takes The Youth's Companion. I am now reading to him An Enemy's Work. How many of the readers think it a suitable story for a boy of his age? It seems to me that all boys ought to read it. I will now take my departure, with best wishes for the Cozy Corner.—S. A. B.

A "New Subscriber" from the great and good state of Michigan expresses her appreciation of the Cozy Corner, and has a word or two to say to Hazel Dell. She is very welcome, and the editor hopes to hear from her frequently.

I am glad our corner is at last established, and thank the editor kindly for the pains she takes for us.

I wish to say to Hazel Dell, that I do not believe in system any more than I believe in disorder. Do the work each day that necessity demands and your strength will allow, and save the best of yourself for your family; teach each child to wait on himself; have a nail in easy reach for each one to hang his or her coat and hat on and see that they do it. It will soon be easy for them. Teach them to put away their playthings when done with them, and to straighten out rugs and carpets, and don't, don't spend valuable time and strength over the ironing board. Have plenty of plain, dark clothes, and if they are hung straight on the line and well shaken when taken down, no one will know whether they have been ironed or not. The same with sheets and underclothing, and do leave out the starch, as it is no earthly good and does not keep them clean enough longer to pay for the extra work.—New Subscriber.

Among the Inquiries this week are two in regard to make overs. Will some one who has had experience give them the information they wish for, and which will doubtless be just as useful for others?

I have a cream all-wool cashmere dress that is out of style, being made with a gored skirt with ruffle on bottom; tight basque with pointed tail, and not very large sleeves. Can any one tell me how I can make it so it will do to wear by coloring it and getting more cloth to combine with it?—Modena.

And Perplexed comes to ask this question:

Will some one tell me what to do with my black broadcloth jacket. It is perfectly plain, buttoned to the neck, and has small sleeves. I would like to fix it as a basque, without much expense.

Then an earnest worker, who signs herself Committee asks this question:

Will some one send ideas for a small parlor entertainment, to be given for church expenses?

Anxious Evelyn, Ohio, writes to know about a poem she has sent to The Blade, but the editor has none signed with her name. Could she give the date upon which it was sent, and tell what name was signed?

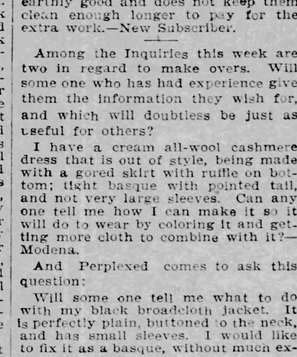
Dancing Girl asks why it would be wrong for her to give a dancing party when there are guests in her home who think dancing is wicked. She says: "Why could they not go to their rooms that evening and let us dance; we do not ask them to do so, and I think it very selfish in them to spoil our fun."

It seems to the editor as if this "Dancing Girl" has yet to learn much of the courtesy of a true lady, and of the meaning of hospitality, and that it is most fortunate for her that she has a mother who "won't let her" do such things. Dancing is all right when properly indulged in, but when such indulgence would necessitate rudeness to a guest, or a marked neglect of their known wishes and opinions, or when it would bring reproach upon any cause in which you are interested it certainly is very wrong, and any right-minded person would not think of indulging in it even though they might not consider it in itself harmful. A true lady or gentleman will always consult the feelings of others in respect to such things.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.
—John B. Tabb.

MAKE-OVERS AND FASHIONS.

Perplexed wants to know if she cannot have a black broadcloth jacket made into a basque for the house. Certainly you can. Rip it up, then if you are handy with the needle and intend to make it yourself, get a good basque pattern and cut it carefully by that. Perhaps if you are not used to such work it would be wiser to have a dress-maker cut and fit it. Get some pretty plaid goods and make puffs for



the top of the sleeves and either put in a vest of it, or if you like to have it so, leave the waist plain, with only a stock collar of the plaid and a roll of it around the bottom of the basque. Line the basque, if at all, with very thin goods, though when the cloak is heavy it is often left unlined. Yes, buttons are going to be used very generally this winter, Mabel. Perplexed can button her basque up the front if she likes with some pretty buttons and they will make a trimming. Sometimes where very handsome buttons are used they are made like stick pins so they can be worn with different garments. Of course these are employed only as trimming.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Report of Mr. Frank Goodwin, of Wallula.

Subject: What shall we read?

Winona:—"We should read those books which will cultivate our minds and elevate our thoughts; we should keep posted upon the political, religious and social events of our own and other countries; we should read history, biography and travels, thus informing ourselves of the manner in which nations have grown, of the men who have been identified with them, and of the customs of their people.

"Newspapers are indispensable to a well informed person; each one should read the papers which are published in the interests of the occupation which they follow; thus, no farmer should be without a good farmer's paper in addition to his weekly newspaper.

"The best authors of fiction should have a place in every home. I do not advocate the sensational novel, but I think such writers as Lew Wallace, Dickens, Scott and Pansy are public benefactors, and can only be read with profit."

The president fully coincides with Winona, suggesting, in addition to the works mentioned by her, that the occasional reading of books devoted to the different sciences would tend to broaden and extend the mind as we would thus become more familiar with the great truths of Nature, thereby realizing the utter insignificance of man as compared to God and his laws.

The new subject for consideration by Washington members is this: "Were the gold fields of the West the cause of more misery than happiness?"

A full and free discussion of this subject is earnestly hoped for.

The Chaperone's Confidential.

Only four new members were admitted to-day, but there was a goodly gathering of old "standbys" to welcome the newcomers who were introduced as Smith, Tara, Miss Pansy and Smart Alec.

Among the familiar faces seen in the Circle were those of Queen Mab, Fabius, Em. T. Head, Lone Fisherman, Ground Cherry, Sweet Nightingale, Lorraine, Brown Eyes, Purity, Tabby, Broncho Bill, G. O. P., Pauline and Carr.

F. D. W.:—Thank you so much for the description; as it had already been given, it could not be used in the paper.

Carr:—The plum was a wonderful specimen of fragrance despite its lack of size, and is an acceptable addition to my stock of souvenirs.

All communications for this department should be addressed to "Toledo Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R."

Pauline, Wis.:—Tells the difference between a header and a binder, adding: "In California, a threshing machine is sometimes run in connection with the header, the grain, as fast as cut being elevated into the machine, threshed out, and dropped on the field in sacks, where it remains until it is convenient to gather it up, there being but little danger of rain to injure it at that season."

Miss Pansy, Ind.:—"I am 18 years old, and live on a pretty farm, twelve miles west of Lafayette. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and E. P. Roe; I do not believe in dancing or reading trashy novels, but I do believe in old maids and intend to be one, regardless of the opinion Samuel has of me."

Smart Alec, Ind.:—"My mom sounds rather queer, but my sister says Miss Prudence will admit me to the M. G. R. in spite of that, even if I am a little fellow only 11 years old. I go to school regularly, and will come again if you will let me."

Tara, O.:—"Ethel, I agree with you that there is no harm in dancing or playing cards unless we make it. 'Evil to him who evil thinks.' We can make evil or good out of everything; for instance, if we call on a friend or neighbor, our chat with them may do evil or good, according as we order our thoughts and speech. But this is a broad subject, and if I do not stop right here, I shall say too much. If you will initiate me into your club, I will promise to be a real good girl."

Smith, Ill.:—"I do not think there is any harm in a social hop or a game of croquet on Sunday; as for woman's suffrage, I do not think it is a woman's place to visit the polls on election day. Why can not she be contented in the sphere that is marked out for her?"

Carr, O. T.:—"The name Oklahoma is said to be derived from the language of the Choctaw Indian. Its meaning is variously given, some claiming it is 'beautiful land,' some 'red land,' while it is certainly most appropriate; others, 'the land of the red man.' It is a land that contains scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, rattlesnakes, black snakes, jack-rabbits, opossums, coons, deer, wolves, etc. The surface is broken by beautiful hills, deep, picturesque canons, long, narrow and fertile valleys, undulating prairies, dotted here and there with timber, and winding creeks, with deep banks lined with many kinds of trees."

Queen Mab, N. Y.:—"I was pleased to see that a president had been appointed for New York, and I hope we will all try to help her. Florence, I am afraid we are all too apt to find out the faults of others, but I don't think girls do so more than boys. Forest Neeley, do you think there are any boys in the Circle capable of undertaking tasks acomplished by Washington or Lincoln? As for Napoleon, if one must kill his fellow creatures in order to be great, I much prefer to be my humble self."

Em. T. Head, Iowa:—"Are we to accept Cow Boy's invitation, and make that long talked of Western trip? If so, let us pack our 'grips,' charter a special train, and be off without further delay. So many of the M. G. Rs. live in the West, that I think we might have a pleasant and profitable trip, as, no doubt, many of them would be willing to act as guides to places of interest near their homes. Has Red Cloud departed the M. G. R.? Sam Ignatius and U. No. Hoo, have my hearty sympathy."

We need light reading to rest our minds from over-study, and there is very much in healthy novels that we cannot get elsewhere. I always read books to acquaint myself with the author. How many have read Marie Cerelli's Thelma? Where is Ebsey?

Tabby, Ind.:—"I think there is no real harm in reading novels if one does not try to mimic the characters in them. I think women should vote if they choose, though I do not care to do so. What has become of Red Cloud? I am afraid the Indians have taken his scalp. Montana Bach No. 2 I have a great deal of respect for you."

Sweet Nightingale, Ind.:—"I think there is no harm in playing croquet or in riding a 'bike' on Sunday if the 'bloomers' are put out of sight. I heard some one say that 'bloomers' ought to be prosecuted, and I think he was right."

Ground Cherry, Ind.:—"Oh, see the water-melons smiling on the vine—and to think Miss Prudence cannot have a 'slice' makes me sigh. I wish I could treat every M. G. R. to our watermelons."

Lorraine, Ill.:—"I too think that Aunt Nell is just right on the dancing question. I expected to attend the soldiers' and sailors' reunion at Mt. Vernon, October 1, 2 and 3, but diphtheria came in such a bad form that I shall not go."

Brown-Eyes, O.:—"Bud, of West Virginia, voices my sentiments exactly in regard to taking the lives of the innocent birds that warble their songs from morning until night, showing us by their example that we should rejoice and be happy and contented. I hope every M. G. R. will cast their vote to preserve the songsters."

Purity, O.:—"More true political enterprise is needed; those who wish to make the United States their future home should vote as intelligently as possible. Protection to America's industries, farmers, laborers, manufacturers, wool-growers, merchants, everybody—was established many years ago as being the only true American policy in which this fair land of ours can ever expect to live and prosper. Whoever is really earnest in wishing to see his neighbors and America advance should have political enterprise enough to vote for the true American protection policy, which past history has clearly proven to be such. Your different political complexions should cut no figure whatever."

Broncho Bill, Iowa:—"A picket pin is a small iron pin driven into the ground to which is fastened one end of a long rope, the other end being attached to the halter of some domestic animal to prevent their straying, it is used mostly in the Western states where fencing is scarce."

I do not agree with Winona that a man who cannot save a cent has no right to ask a girl to marry him. That is the God-given right of all men, but if he has not saved anything let her investigate the reason thereof—'circumstances alter cases.' Marry for love, and work for a living; many a man is struggling for an existence who has a kind heart and plenty of energy and works hard and under great disadvantages.

My advice to girls is this: Don't demand quite so much in some respects and more in others. Demand a character beyond reproach if there is not a dollar back of it. If you are afraid of work and poverty never marry; fit yourselves for the extremes if possible and hope for the best."

G. O. P., La.:—"I see a good deal of the bloomer question in the papers, but they have not made their appearance in this part of the country yet; it seems to me as though it is best to let each one settle it to suit themselves. I am a firm believer in the saying: 'To the pure all things are pure.' If my memory is not at fault I think one of the ladies asked, 'What would the boys do if the girls should drop out of the society?' Well, it would be lonesome for awhile, but I think we would survive.

I am opposed to woman's suffrage, thinking it would make no difference in the result, as a wife should be able to influence her husband for the good, and if she could not he would be apt to influence her his way, and at any rate I think a woman would be as much out of place as a politician as a man would be taking care of babies."

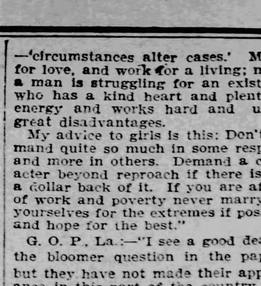
Fabius, N. C.:—"Mt. Mitchell is in the Blue Ridge range. It is 6,711 feet high, and densely covered with a species of pine called balsam. Beneath this thick forest the ground and every rock and log is beautifully carpeted with the prettiest moss.

On the summit of this peak rest the remains of its explorer. No flowers bloom above his lonely and isolated grave, but where the bleak winds unceasingly sigh through the balsam clad summit stands the miniature monument that marks his last resting place.

The epitaph is: "Here lies, in the hope of a blessed resurrection, the body of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who lost his life in the scientific exploration of this mountain in 1847."

With a thrill of sympathy each visitor places a rough stone around his grave. A visit to this mountain, even to a mountaineer, gives him a greater reverence for God and all His mighty works.

Come again Fabius with the other promised descriptions.



AN ANCIENT TABLE.

"I have a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old;
And though it has stood
So long, 'tis as good
As the finest of gold!"

"O, Arthur, your table,
I fear is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found?
Now tell—honor bright!"

"'Twas found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel,
And learned folk say
That wise old Hindoos
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,
"Do show us this table
That's older than Egypt—as old as creation!"

"My table is square
Not round—to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know—
This very old table, called Multiplication?"
—Zitella Cocke in October St. Nicholas.

Some Feathered Artists.

The first bird's nest that I examined this year (1895) was that of the least flycatcher. I saw her building it in the crotch of a birch limb, carrying thither no end of slender stringy stuff—fibers of weeds and hairs and even tearing some of the strings from a last year's nest to aid in the construction. Last of all the little lady carried a number of feathers to the crotch, and the singular fact about this was that the feathers were by no means soft and downy. The least one I saw was an inch long and it had a stiff quill. The nest having been completed and time allowed for her to lay her eggs, I made shift by means of a ladder to get up to the nest. Four pure white eggs lay on a soft bed of down plucked from the

bird's own breast, but the largest feathers that had been carried there were woven into the mass of the nest in such a way that they formed a ruffle about its brim. The stiff quills in two cases projected into the cup of the nest, but they were above the line of the eggs. Plainly the down at the bottom was to protect the eggs. The stiff quilled feathers made the nest harder if anything for the mother. What then was the ruffle for if not for ornament?

Of all the nests that birds build, there is none that seems to show a stronger desire to use protective colorings than does that of the phoebe. The phoebe ordinarily chooses a little shelf on the face of some overhanging rock, and there constructs her home of mosses strengthened with other fibrous things. It is a lovely bit of work and so much like a patch of moss growing on the rock that one may look directly at it and not recognize it as a nest. As built there it is in perfect harmony with its surroundings, but sometimes the phoebe builds in sheds and about country buildings that are infrequently used, and then even when building on lumber fresh from the she uses the same mosses although they are in bright contrast with the background of the nest. Certainly the mosses are not of a protective color there, but they are always beautiful to the eye wherever used.—Colette Smiley, in The Chautauquan for September.

FOR MICHIGAN M. G. R.'S.

Report of Miss Lela A. Peterson, of Brooklyn.

Subject:—"Which is preferable, city or country life?"

"Inda," Michigan's one faithful Merry-Go-Round, speaks as follows: "I think country life preferable to city life; the farmer, on a rainy day can sit and rest, while his crops are growing just the same—weeds too. The city man, however, must toil 'rain or shine.' If, in a dry season, the farmer's crops are a failure, city people are the ones to suffer most.

"I think it preferable, too, to be awakened in the morning by the birds' singing than by the slamming of street doors and the steady tramp, tramp of people on the walks; and to have the sweet scent of apple and clover blossoms come floating in at the open window than the delicious (?) odor of car smoke (of which city people have the full benefit.

"Country life is preferable, too, for the bringing up of children. How many children there are in the city who are ignorant of the things of nature.

"The 'country cousin' visiting in the city is called 'green' if she looks at the pretty things displayed in the shop windows, while the 'city cousin' who is expected to know everything, on her first visit to the country, is sure to ask, 'Which cow gives buttermilk?' and if the 'ducks chew their cud?'

"I think if country people are considered 'green' and 'gawky' they are the most independent people in the world."

IOWA M. G. R.'S.

Report of Miss Carrie M. Kepner, of Independence.

Subject:—"From observation, what do you consider the happiest period of one's life?"

Although the day was windy and very warm a few of the Iowa members favored me with a call. During our discussion Florence said that: "In my opinion the happiest period of one's life was when they became Christians. There are a great many happy periods in one's life, but when we think how much Christ did for us I think we are happiest when we know we are in some measure paying him back."

"U. No. Hoo" took the floor next, and rather startled me by saying "he thought the last subject a "stunner." Perhaps if the Iowa members would help their president a little more, she would not give them "stunners." He also said "he had passed several happy years, and could see no reason why all our lives should not be happy; and if we lead an upright moral life, there is really very little that can make us happ

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE OHIO SENATOR TALKS.

John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in Congress.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—The intrigues, the jealousies and traitorous knife thrusts of the last half century of American statecraft are revealed in the fierce light of stern criticism in "John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate and Cabinet," just published in this city. The fear that the venerable Senator would reveal secrets long kept from the public in his forthcoming work has been, to an extent, realized. Grant, Garfield, Blaine, Arthur, Harrison and other Republican leaders are spoken of with unstinted praise for their high personal worth or statesmanship, but each is, in guarded and covert language, shown in the less commendable light of a scheming politician. The criticism is almost invariably implied rather than direct, but it stands out clearly in the work as a whole.

Owing to the expectation that the work would be in a measure sensational and the anxiety felt in diplomatic circles over its forthcoming, frequent effort has been made to gain information regarding its contents, but the Associated Press is enabled to present to-day for the first time a resume of Mr. Sherman's autobiography. As anticipated, the feature of the book is its extreme frankness, the style in which Mr. Sherman has expressed himself showing the statesman rather than the professional bookmaker. The work is marked by clear cut sentences and blunt expressions of opinion, and but little attempt at literary grace is made. The book is very evidently intended by the author as an exposition of the financial policy of the Republican party, which to a great extent is his own, and about the extensive and elaborate history of American finances are woven anecdote and personal reminiscence replete with interest to every student of politics.

Criticizes Garfield.

Owing to the close association of Mr. Sherman and James A. Garfield, the criticism of the nomination of the latter for President of the United States is perhaps one of the most striking features of the book. The author, while carefully avoiding a direct charge of treachery on the part of the ex-President, very significantly makes it plain that Mr. Garfield was nominated at a convention to which he had gone as the trusted leader of the Sherman forces. After showing by the publication of private letters covering a period of years of close political and personal association that Mr. Garfield was in reality his political protege, Mr. Sherman gives in detail the history of the national convention of 1880.

Following the account of his own struggle for the nomination, he says: "In time I became thoroughly advised of what occurred at the Chicago convention and had become entirely reconciled to the result, though frequently afterwards I heard incidents and details which caused me great pain, and went to establish the want of sincerity on the part of some of the delegates, and tended to show that for some time before the meeting of the convention the nomination of General Garfield had been agreed upon." The sting felt by Garfield's defection in 1880 is inadvertently shown by a sentiment expressed during the discussion of the national convention of 1892, where the Senator remarks: "From later developments I became satisfied that Harrison could not be elected, that Platt and a powerful New York influence would defeat him if nominated. I therefore preferred the nomination of a new man, such as William McKinley, but he had committed himself to Harrison and, according to my code of honor, could not accept a nomination even if tendered him."

When it was remembered that Blaine was also a candidate for the Presidency before the convention that nominated Garfield, the significance of the following explanation on the part of Senator Sherman of why he was not reappointed by President Garfield as secretary of the treasury is readily understood: "In the latter part of November, 1880, General Garfield came to Washington and called upon Mr. Blaine, who, it was understood, was to be secretary of state. Garfield came to my house directly from Blaine's, and informed me that he had tendered that office to Blaine and that it was accepted. He said Blaine thought it would not be polite to continue me as secretary of the treasury, as it would be regarded as an unfriendly discrimination by other members of Hayes's cabinet. I promptly replied that I agreed with the opinion of Blaine, and was a candidate for the Senate."

Praise for Garfield.

Again the author reverts to the Chicago convention in discussing the character of President Garfield. Of his personality and eloquence he speaks in the highest terms. His will power, he says, was not up to his personal magnetism. He adds that his opinion changed easily. In this connection he says: "When I proposed to him to be a delegate at large to the Chicago convention he no doubt meant in good faith to support my nomination."

Something of the political scheming that again resulted in the defeat of the Ohio statesman in the national convention of 1888, and brought about the nomination of ex-President Harrison, can easily be read between the lines in that part of the work devoted to this struggle. In discussing the result Mr. Sherman says he became satisfied that one delegate from New York controlled the entire delegation from that state, and between Saturday night when the nomination seemed certain to go to Sherman, and Monday morning, when the tide turned in favor of Harrison, a corrupt bargain was made in the interests of the latter, which secured him the support of New York and gave him the nomination.

Continuing, the author states in fairness to the ex-President: "It is to his credit of General Harrison to say that, if the reputed bargain was made, it was without his consent at the time." On the eve of another national campaign, in which ex-President Harrison is expected to figure prominently, Mr. Sherman does not hesitate to state that in 1892 he did not consider Harrison a strong candidate. To his cold and abrupt manner he attributes his unpopularity at that time. Space is devoted by the author to an account of the important events of each administration. In this connection Mr. Sherman lays bare many of the jealousies, political bickerings, and clash of ambitions that disturb the harmony of the party in power. Of Grant's administration he says it was a period of scandal and slander.

Perhaps the severest criticism of General Grant's statesmanship is found in the extract from Mr. Sherman's works: "During the entire period of Grant's administration, I was chairman of the committee on finance of the senate and had to act upon all questions of taxation, debt, banking, or finance, and had occasion to talk with the President upon such measures, but he rarely expressed any opinion or took any interest in them."

In writing about himself Mr. Sherman is candid to the point of self-criticism. For instance, he states that at the age of 19 years he got into bad company, and was on several occasions conscious of being intoxicated. In relating the incident which influenced his whole life in this respect, he says: "On one occasion in the fall of 1830, I went home very sick from drinking. My mother received me with much surprise and sorrow, but neither complained nor scolded, and with the utmost kindness put me to bed and watched over and cared for me. I was not enough stupefied to be unconscious of my degradation and her affection, and then and there resolved never to be in such condition again."

Of his wealth and the various personal and political attacks that have been made upon him, he makes this statement, after giving his reply to an accusation on that score made years ago: "I have often since been accused of the crime of 'being rich,' but as nearly all my possessions are visible to the naked eye, and their history and acquisition are known to so many, I think I am not required to prove that I have not made them as the result of legislation or my holding of public trusts." As showing the stinging criticisms of which he is capable, the following statement made by Mr. Sherman at the time the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson were instituted, is of interest. He said of Mr. Johnson: "The truth is he is a slave to his passions and resentments. No man can confide in him. I regard him as a foolish and stubborn man, doing even right things in a wrong way, and in a position where the evil that he does is immensely increased by his manner of doing it."

Sherman Talks.

Massillon, O., Oct. 21.—Senator Sherman left Massillon Sunday afternoon, and will make but two more speeches during this campaign. His stay here was memorable from the fact that he put in definite form what will probably be the Republican policy on the proposed retirement of the greenbacks by the administration. He declares himself unalterably opposed to that suggestion, which put in effect would cause another financial convulsion only second to the recent disturbance. Mr. Cleveland made the fatal mistake, in his opinion, of unlawfully intrenching upon the gold reserve to meet deficiencies caused by a tariff law that cannot produce sufficient revenue to run the government. It was this that caused the demand for gold, whereas had ample revenue been provided there would have been no run and no need for present agitation. He thinks it is cheaper to lose the interest on the gold reserve than to pay the interest on the bonds that would have to be issued to retire the greenbacks.

"McKinley, in my mind, is the man for the Republicans to nominate next year. He seems to be the strongest candidate being talked about. But it is dangerous for any candidate to be brought out long before the convention. It was so in my own case. Would I accept the nomination? Bless you no. Men of my age are ruled out. The physical demands we make upon our Presidents are such that only men in their prime dare undertake the duties of the office. Therefore I am opposed to the nomination of Governor Morton. He is too old a man to be seriously considered."

He says the next Congress must provide additional revenue and he pledges himself to fight any bill for that purpose which does not give some protection to wool.

On the subject of his book and current politics, Senator Sherman was uncommonly entertaining. "Really," said he, "the review of my book sent from Chicago does me an injustice if it represents me as censuring Warfield. The text does not warrant any such construction. I was especially careful not to write anything of critical character, and neither in my book nor in any other form will I enter into controversy on that subject."

SENATOR CULLOM'S STORY.

Corroborates the Story of Treachery Toward Sherman.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 21.—The Journal to-night will say:

"In 1883, while en route from Milwaukee to Washington, a representative of the Journal met Congressman John Finnerty, of Chicago, and was by him introduced to Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and in the course of the conversation that followed, Senator Cullum referred to the national convention of 1880.

"Among other things he mentioned was the fact that a secret meeting had been called by Gen. Garfield, of leading men of the party whom he could trust, to be held before the opening of the convention in a parlor of the Grand Pacific Hotel. Senator Cullom was present at this meeting, and so was E. B. Washburn, of Illinois, then in the race as a Presidential candidate. Gen. Garfield then and there outlined his plans by which he was himself to secure the nomination, which disguested Washburne that he got up and left the meeting without saying a word. A few hours later, Garfield went into the convention and nominated Senator Sherma with a eulogy that was the greatest effort of his life, while his henchmen in different parts of the convention hall did their part in his own behalf."

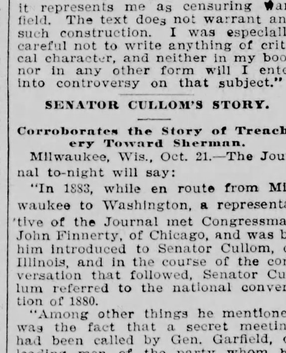
COMING TO AMERICA.

Louise Michel, "The Red Virgin of the Commune."

New York, Oct. 16.—Louise Michel, the Frenchwoman Anarchist, who, according to reports from London, will arrive in this country shortly to lecture and with the proceeds of her lectures found a home for children of Anarchists expelled from Europe, was born in Vroncourt, on the borders of old Lorraine,, in 1830. Of illegitimate birth, she was from her earliest years allowed to run wild in the ruins of an old castle. With animals for playmates and the howl of wolves for lullabies the "Red Virgin" of the Commune grew up as a woman in revolt against every natural instinct and characteristic of her sex.

With a playmate she constructed a scaffold in a corner of the Castle of Vroncourt. Here she reveled in realistic representations of the horrors of the Reign of Terror. This training bore its fruit in later years.

Obtaining employment as a schoolteacher she was moved by some of Victor Hugo's verses to attempt on the outbreak of hostilities with Prussia the assassination of the third Napoleon. Her preparations were modeled after those of Charlotte Corday. When she obtained a letter of introduction to the object of her attack he had left for the front.



LOUISE MICHEL.
(Red Virgin of the Commune.)

Louise Michel took a prominent and active part in the Commune, wearing a man's uniform and commanding a regiment of female furies. In May, 1871, she defended the cemetery of Montmartre, near Paris, against an attack by the Versaillist forces. Captured with other commands she pleaded for a death sentence, but was deported to New Caledonia, where she taught the natives and collected their folk-lore stories. She was pardoned in the general amnesty of 1880, but was imprisoned in 1883, and again in 1886, for anarchistic utterances.

Louise Michel now lives in London, and as an Anarchist frequently addresses meetings in that cranks' paradise—Hyde Park. Her followers are few and essentially alien in language. She has been called "St. Simeon Stylites in Petticoats," but impulsive insanity of a mildly homicidal type is probably the cause of her firebrand utterances and anarchistic tendencies.

SCARED MIDWAY FREAKS.

Fire Caused Damage at Atlanta's Exposition.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 16.—Temporary excitement was created on the exposition grounds yesterday afternoon by a fire on the Midway. The explosion of a gasoline stove in the Old Plantation set the frame structure on fire. There was great panic among the freaks on the Midway.

The fire was soon under control, but the Old Plantation exhibit was destroyed. The Phantoscope, next door, suffered $50 damage, and Hagenbach's wild beast arena suffered to the extent of $600.

SAYS IT IS FORGED.

Heoffer's Statement a Bomb in the Democratic Camp.

Greenville, O., Oct. 19.—Over 200 heard Hon. J. A. Norton speak at the Democratic club room last night for over two hours. He has made several speeches in the county this week. The bomb thrown that interests particularly the citizens of this locality points directly to Hon. C. W. Hoeffer, Republican, our present representative. Norton read a letter signed by Mr. Hoeffer and Conrad Kipp, a Boston friend, stating that he would support Senator Brice if re-elected, or any man the legislature may name, provided he be remunerated to the extent of $1,500 and declaring positively against Governor Foraker.

The exposure is not only astonishing but has set everybody to talking. The letter is written upon regular assembly letter paper and dated October 17, 1895, Columbus, O., being scratched off. Mr. Hoeffer is a minister of the gospel and the test of his sincerity as such is now on. The letter referred to was sent to the state Democratic committee.

Columbus, O., Oct. 21.—There seems to be but little doubt that the body of the alleged letter from Hon. C. W. Heoffer, of Darke county, in which he offered to sell his vote to the Democratic caucus, is a forgery, and that it was written and the signature of Mr.

REV. C. W. HEOFFER.

Heoffer secured by paid agents of the Democratic party. This claim is shared by the Republican state committee, and it is believed this letter is the first chapter in another Morey letter scheme.

Mr. Heoffer's Statement.

In substance, Mr. Heoffer's statement is as follows:

"About three months ago a man came to Greenville and wanted to sell me an analytical Bible, and when I told him I was not able to buy the book, he said he wanted no money from me, but would let me have a copy if I would take him in my carriage and introduce him to my friends. He claimed to have been an evangelist at one time, and said he had two sisters engaged in religious work. One lives in McKeesport, Pa., he said, and the other in New York or Brooklyn. He showed me letters he received from them, and apparently he was telling the truth. I took him into the country, and befriended him in many ways. One night the proprietor of the hotel where he was stopping, asked me what I knew about Fuller. He said the man was behind in his bills, and he was anxious to know something about him. I told him I thought Fuller was all right, as he represented a reputable firm. Fuller invited me to a woman whom he said was his wife. He was at my house almost every day. He had access to my library and to my letterheads, and he used them as his own. I had the utmost confidence in the man.

"About a week ago I received a letter from E. J. Miller, secretary of the Republican League, in which he said the league would help me in my canvass. Later I received two more letters on the Republican League letterheads, and these were signed by E. J. Elliott. One of them stated that I would receive $200 to aid me in the campaign. One day Fuller told me he had received a letter from a member of the league and that he had been chosen as the representative of the league to transact business with me. In another letter I received from Elliott, it was stated that Fuller would be fully appraised and that we should come to Columbus and close up the affair.

"I came home late last Wednesday night and found a note from Fuller, telling me to go to Columbus with him. I went to his room at the hotel and he told me he wanted to dictate a letter to the league. I protested that I thought all was not right, but he said the league people wanted to help me and I ought to have confidence in them. He then dictated, 'in consideration of so many hundred dollars, for campaign expenses, etc., this money should be paid to Mr. Fuller,' and after that he said the committee requested that somebody attest to my signature. I demurred to this and suggested that we go to Columbus and see the league officers. The man talked honestly and I finally consented to get some one to attest to my signature. The next morning I took a blank sheet of paper, signed my name, and Kipp signed his below. Fuller saw the signatures and put them in his pocket, saying: 'We will fill this out when we get to Columbus.'

"When we arrived here Fuller said he wanted me to keep away from the committee and wait for him at the Chittenden Hotel. Finally he sent for me to come to the Nell House. He was almost drunk when I saw him, and he said he had given them my letter and they had promised to come but had not showed up yet. I asked him who he meant by 'them,' but did not get a satisfactory answer. I asked him what he wrote in the letter, but he did not tell me. He spoke something about Layton, and I tried to find out who he was. Then I became suspicious, and it dawned upon me that I was being made the victim of a scheme.

"Now, I want to tell you something about General Anderson, chairman of the Democratic state committee. I saw him on the train one day, and he said to me that if there was anything in God's world he could do for me to let him know. He also said he wanted me to 'defeat that d—d duck,' meaning my opponent. When I asked him the reason he said it was because the kids had knocked him out badly on the nomination and he wanted to get even. I trusted Anderson, and when I suspected Fuller I sent for him to come to my room. I told him I was afraid Fuller had done bad work, and he told me Fuller was not my friend. He gave me to understand that his committee was in possession of the letter this man Fuller had forged. Anderson finally told me he had a letter or letters, and he said to me, 'Heoffer, to save your good name and reputation let me suggest a statement that you put in the public press to the effect that you decline to serve longer as a candidate. You can give as reasons that you can't vote for that man Foraker, nor wear the collar of George B. Cox.' I told him I would do nothing of the kind; that I could afford to be defeated or killed rather than to do that.

AWFUL LOAD FOR NEBRASKA.

It Now Lugs Along Two Democratic Parties.

Omaha, Oct. 17.—According to a decision of the supreme court handed down to-day there are two Democratic parties in Nebraska. In the case of the application of C. J. Phelps for a writ of mandamus to compel the secretary of state to certify the names of the free silver Democratic candidate for judge of the supreme court as the only representative of the Democratic party, the court denied the writ and dismissed the case. There are two Democratic candidates for judge of the supreme court in Nebraska.

THE A. P. A.

Advisory Board Lays Down Political Rules of Action.

St. Louis, Oct. 16.—The advisory board of the American Protective association after a two days' session in this city adjourned sine die last night. The work consisted almost wholly in the drafting of a report by a sub-committee and its adoption by the board. This report was in the nature of a declaration of principles and may also be considered as a notice served on the political parties.

They perfected the organization of the national advisory board by the election of Judge G. H. D. Stevens, of Detroit, as president; G. W. Van Fossen, of Tacoma, Wash., vice-president, and Rev. James D. Dunn, of Boston, secretary.

This committee is to inquire into the views, affiliations and records of Presidential candidates, furnishing the information to lodges. The association will support only candidates who are in accord with the following:

Reduction of immigration to debar all undesirable persons, extension of time for naturalization, an educational qualification for suffrage, the maintenance of one general non-sectarian free public school system, no public funds or public property for sectarian purposes, taxation of all property not owned and controlled by the public, the opening to public official inspection of all private schools, convents, monasteries, hospitals and all institutions of an educational and reformatory character; no support given for any public position to any person who recognizes primal allegiance in civil affairs to any foreign or ecclesiastical power; public lands for actual settlement by American citizens only.

POPE LEO'S LETTER.

He Condemns the Assembling of Congresses of Religion.

Philadelphia, Pa., October 16.—Pope Leo has written an important letter to the Catholic hierarchy of America, condemning the assemblage of congresses of religion. The letter has been delivered to Archbishop Ryan of this city and to all other archbishops. It was the main subject considered at the recent assembling of the archbishops at Washington, but the efforts at secrecy were successful in keeping the Pope's letter from publicity. What steps the archbishops took cannot be learned, but with the views of the Pope thus clearly expressed it is doubtless that the American church will anathematize congresses of religion in the same way that an interdiction was placed on Catholic participation in the Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and other secret societies.

The congress of religions held at Chicago as a feature of the World's Fair was the most notable gathering of that character in recent years, bringing together not only the many sects of Christianity, but also Hindoos, Brahmins, Buddhists and Theosophists. The gathering was so notable that its projectors have expected it would lead to further congressses merging all sects and creeds. Whether Pope Leo's disapproval is particularly in reference to the Chicago congress cannot be learned, but as that was the last and by far the most conspicuous gathering of the kind, the letter will be viewed with special reference to it.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

Southern Negro Diabolically Tortured by a Mob.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 16.—Jefferson Ellis, the Fayette county rapist, was strung to a telegraph pole at 1:40 this morning by 350 men within 200 yards of the scene of his crime. Before hanging the negro the mob cut off both his ears and all of his fingers and mutilated him in a horrible and unmerciful manner. The mob with their prisoner reached the home of his victim, Miss Prater, soon after midnight. The young woman identified him as her assailant. As soon as this was done an armed squad of men took Ellis from Constable Farrow and started with him for the pike, where the public road crosses the Louisville & Nashville railway. Here there is also a telegraph pole. A big fire had been built at the place and around it the mob gathered in a circle. The handcuffed negro was on his knees before the fire. The leaders of the mob told Ellis to pray, but he only looked at them in a stupid manner. Being told that he was about to die, he raised his his voice in a negro hymn. By the time he finished the mob was looking ugly. The fiercer element were in complete control. Cries of "Burn him" were heard on all sides. This fearful fate would probably have been fortunate for the negro, as subsequent events proved. Amid the shouts of the mob a man jumped to the negro's side with a drawn knife in his hand.

"Cut off his ears!" they cried; "give me a finger," shouted one man. "I want a thumb," cried another."

The better element in the crowd drew off at this time and said they were not in favor of doing anything but hanging the negro. The protests were not heeded. Being urged on by the fiercest in the crowd, the man with the knife cut off the negro's right ear and held up the bleeding trophy in full view of the crowd.

The negro screamed from his torture, but his other ear was cut off a few moments later. The mob became madder at the sight of this work and those who were mutilating the negro found ample encouragement. They next cut off all his fingers and tearing away part of his clothes they mutilated him in a horrible manner. The negro was covered with blood and his head looked like it had been scalped. The mob was not even then willing to end the negro's agony. They made him stand up so all the crowd could see him. Finally, fully thirty-five minutes after the torture of the negro began, the rope was put around his neck. The telegraph pole was seventy-five feet away. The rope was a very long one. The free end was taken by a man, who quickly climbed the telegraph pole and threw it over the cross arm. The crowd jerked the negro to the foot of the pole and while the mob shouted the bleeding and mutilated form of the negro was swung to the cross arm.

The negro was lowered to the ground and his head was cut from his body with pocket knives. The noose was then put over the feet and the headless body was again swung up. It is intended to send the head to the family of the little girl the negro attempted to assault last Saturday in Mississippi. A placard was put on the negro's body bearing these words: "Death to the man who cuts him down before 6:30 this evening." No doubt the injunction of the mob will be obeyed to the letter and the passengers on the Louisville & Nashville trains to-day may see the horrible sight. The point where the lynching occurred is a cross road called Clifton Summit. The mob dispersed after doing its work.

Jeff Ellis, on the afternoon of October 5, criminally assaulted Miss Bettie Prater in the presence of the latter's two little sisters. He escaped from a mob which had gathered to lynch him that night, but he was pursued unremittingly until he was captured Monday near Mount Pleasant, Miss. He confessed to the assault upon Miss Prater, to the outrage and murder of a Mrs. Wilcox, of the same neighborhood two years ago, and to an attempted assault upon a little girl in Mississippi while he was trying to escape from the mob.

IS FT. WAYNE'S BIG DAY.

City Full of Strangers and Light-Hearted Gaiety.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 17.—This is the big day of Fort Wayne's centennial. The weather is all that can be desired. Excursion trains on all the roads began arriving early, each bringing large numbers of people. There are more strangers in the city to-day than ever before in its history, and the streets are almost impassable. The contests for prizes among bands began at 10 o'clock in Courthouse Square. A large number of bands are competing, and the contest will be a long and lively one. Chicago and Cincinnati base ball teams are playing two games to-day, and League Park is packed with cranks. Prize military drills are being held at Driving Park and companies from Indiana, Ohio and Michigan are in the race.

THEY TALK FOR PURITY.

Traffic in Girls Considerd by Social Purity Congress.

Baltimore, October 16.—The main feature of yesterday's session of the Social Purity congress was the address of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, who wrote of "Moral Equality Between the Sexes." Mrs. Howe was unable to be present and her address was read by one of the delegates.

Among the other papers read was one by Mrs. Charlton Edholm, of Chicago, on "Traffic in Girls and the Florence Crittenton Missions," in which she asserted that "there is in America an organized traffic in girls caused by the accursed traffic in drink." The speaker related some of her personal experiences while visiting the "slums," asserting as a result of her observation her belief that of the 250,000 erring women in this country, more than half were the victims of deliberate traps set to ensnare them, after which they were sold into a life far worse than that of slaves. Among these snares, the speaker included mock marriages, dance houses, starvation wages and wine rooms.

Theodore Roosevelt sent a letter saying: "I will not have one law for men and another for women, but all shall be treated exactly alike so far as I am concerned."

MADE A FAIR SHOWING.

St. Paul Behind the Time of the St. Louis.

London, Oct. 17.—The new American liner St. Paul, Captain Jamison, from New York to Southampton, was signalled off the Lizard at 5:52 o'clock last night. The St. Paul cleared the bar at Sandy Hook at 12:50 p. m. on October 9, and 20 minutes later the lightship was abeam.

Her time to the Lizard is 7 days 4 hours and 22 minutes.

Allowing her 7 1-2 hours to complete the voyage to The Needles, the time of her maiden trip will be 7 days 11 hours and 52 minutes. She will be seven hours and 50 minutes behind the time made by the St. Louis on her first trip.

MRS. WALLER IN AMERICA.

Arrived Thursday, but Knows Nothing of Her Husband.

New York, Oct. 17.—The steamer Amsterdam with Mrs. Waller on board arrived at Quarantine at 10:30 last night. Mrs. Waller had retired, but consented to see a newspaper man. She said she left Madagascar on August 12 last, and arrived at Marseilles on September 22. She at once wrote to her husband, who was confined in a town in France, the name of which she said had escaped her memory. She was directed by Ambassador Eustis to sail by the Amsterdam on October 4, but up to the time of sailing she heard nothing from her husband. Mrs. Waller was accompanied by her three daughters and one young son.

FOREIGN.

KOREA'S MURDERED QUEEN.

Natives Have Found Her Body Near Seoul.

Yokohama, Oct. 16.—A dispatch received here from Seoul says that the body of the murdered queen of Korea has been found.

New York, Oct. 18.—The Herald's cables say the crown prince of Korea who was with the queen when she was murdered, has secretly sent from the palace a statement giving a description of the assassins, by which they are identified as Japanese.

THE MURDERED QUEEN.

The plot originated with disgraced Korean officials, who employed Japanese soshi and corrupted the Japanese troops. Proofs are said to exist connecting the Japanese minister with the plot.

Procurator Kamura and a commission have arrived from Japan to investigate the outbreak. There have been more arrests of Japanese soshi. Japanese have been forbidden to come to Korea without the consent of the Japanese authorities.

The Japanese minister to Korea, M. Komoura, has been ordered to punish the murderers of the queen, if it shall be proved that Japanese killed her.

THE KOREAN CROWN PRINCE.

Japanese Captured Takao.

Hong Kong, Oct. 18.—Dispatches received here from the island of Formosa announce that Takao, on the west coast of that island, was captured on Wednesdy last, October 16, by the Japanese. The dispatches also state that the Japanese intend to bombard Tai-Wan-Fu, the Chinese capital of the island, to-day. The city is held by the Black Flag leaders, who refused to surrender unconditionally, and heavy fighting is expected.

RUSSIA FORCED JAPAN

To Withdraw Troops From Liao Tung, and Japan Is Bitter.

San Francisco, Oct. 16.—Advices by mail from Tokio, Japan, dated September 27, to The Associated Press state that Japan has been forced to comply with Russia's demand for a speedy withdrawal of the Japanese troops from Liao Tung. France and Germany joined in the demand and the Japanese government was in no position to defy three European powers.

The announcement of Russia's purpose took Japan by surprise. This proceeding has caused renewed bitterness in Japan against Europeans.

The Japanese also charge their own ministry at Peking with the nation's dishonor.

HOSTILE TO FOREIGNERS.

China Still Shows Its Teeth and Is Ugly.

San Francisco, October 16.—Oriental mail advices state that a feeling of hostility toward foreigners in China is rapidly increasing. Additional calamities are feared. The proceedings at Ku Cheng are conducted with flagrant defiance of justice and order. The central government seems powerless to assert its authority, even if genuinely inclined to do so.

RUSSIA TAKES A HAND.

She Will Make Korea Independent of Japan.

Paris, Oct. 18.—A special dispatch to the Eclair from St. Petersburg, which is published to-day, says than an exchange of communications has occurred between the Russian government and the Japanese minister at St. Petersburg with reference to the recent disorders at Seoul, the capital of Korea. It is added that the Japanese minister assured the Russian government that the culprits would be punished. But Russia is said to have replied that she would be forced in consequence of the riots to take the steps considered necessary to preserve order and to make the Korean government independent of foreign interference.

Will Accept Japan's Concurrence.

Berlin, Oct. 19.—It is reported that the representatives of Russia, France and Germany will hand the Japanese government within the next few days, an identical note accepting Japan's concurrence with their proposals by which the evacuation of the Liao-Tung peninsula to be accomplished within three months after China's payment of 30,000,000 taels.

TURKEY YIELDS.

Said Pasha Accepts Reform Scheme for Armenia.

Constantinople, October 16.—Said Pasha has accpted the scheme for reform in Armenia drawn up by Great Britain, France and Russia and it now awaits the signature of the Sultan. The scheme is almost identical with the proposals of last May which in substance were that the governors and vice governors of Van, Erzeroum, Sivas, Bitlis, Khartut and Prehizonde be Christian or Mussulman, according to the religion of the population, but either the governor or the vice governor is to be a Christian, and the appointments are to be confirmed by the powers. Local and not state officials are to collect the taxes and enough money is to be retained before it is forwarded to Constantinople to pay the expenses of local administration. Complete changes will be made in the judicial system torture will be abolished, police will be composed of Christians and Turks equally and the laws against compulsory conversion to Islamism will be strictly enforced.

The ambassadors of the powers expect that the whole question will be finally settled during the course of the week by the promulgation of an imperial decree. Contrary to general expectation, the high commissioner, who will be charged with the execution of the scheme of reform, will be a Christian. This was the hardest pill for the Porte to swallow and for a long time it threatened to bring about the most serious complications.

A Russian war ship has arrived here.

The situation at Ismid is critical. The Christians are apprehensive of a Turkish outbreak.

TURKEY IS HEDGING.

Want Mussulmen to Believe Reforms Will Not be Radical.

Constantinople, Oct. 18.—The Turkish newspapers have published an inspired article contradicting the prevailing idea that special privileges will in the future be conceded to the Armenians. The article continues:

"The reforms existing laws and regulations require modifications, certain reforms, by which all, without distinction of religion or race will be introduced tentatively in certain provinces of Anatolia."

The article is regarded as intended to prepare Mussulmans for the promulgation of the order forced upon the Turkish government by the powers, and to prevent the impression spreading that they are for the exclusive benefit of the Armenians, as a result of the Armenian agitation and the intervention of the powers.

CONCESSIONS ARE ILLUSORY.

Turks Are Furious and Dark Clouds Are Gathering.

Constantinople, Oct. 19.—Armenians consider that the concessions are illusory and Turkish officials admit that they were wrung from the porte under violent pressure. The Turks are mostly furious and many competent observers do not hesitate to predict a crisis leading to revolt and bloodshed, compared with which the Armenian troubles would be insignificant.

Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, has received from an Armenian source a warning that the young Turkey party will induce some Armenian miscreant to attempt his life in order to disgrace the Armenian people.

THEIR INTERESTS BLENDED.

Russia and Germany Are on Terms of Warm Friendship.

Berlin, Oct. 17.—The Kolnische Zeitung, writing of the relations between Russia and Germany, says:

Prince Lobanoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, during his stay in Germany enjoyed a thorough and confidential exchange of ideas with the leading German statesmen. He clearly intimated that in the Franco-Russian relations the efforts would be directed towards the maintenance of peace, and he received assurances of Germany's earnest wish for friendly relations with Russia. The visit is expected to greatly promote the good relations between Russian and Germany.

LION'S BACK IS UP.

Ultimatum Sent to President Crespo by Marquis of Salisbury.

London, Oct. 19.—The St. James' Gazette says:

"The Marquis of Salisbury has sent an ultimatum to President Crespo which sets out the demands of the British government for reparation on account of the arrest of the deputation and inspectors of police at Uruan, and states the terms upon which Great Britain will definitely determine the boundary dispute with that republic.

"Both the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are in perfect agreement as to the necessity of ending the frontier dispute, even if Venezuela has to be brought to terms by methods which are the most effective in reaching an understanding with South American republics. The instructions to station Maxims on the frontier are to be associated in the dispatch only in the sense that the guns were necessary to overcome the Venezuelans who are not likely to pay attention to President Crespo and the government of Caracas."

Sir Charles Cameron R. Lees, governor of British Guiana, has been summoned to London to confer with Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, upon Venezuelan affairs.

MAP SHOWING THE RESPECTIVE LIMITS OF THE CLAIMS OF ENGLAND AND VENEZUELA.

MR. BAYARD TALKS.

Says His Mission is of the Most Friendly Nature.

London, Oct. 22.—The Chronicle this morning publishes an interview with United States Ambassador Bayard, in which the latter is quoted as saying that he had only very general ideas of the latest phase of the Venezuelan trouble, except what he had gathered from the newspapers. His latest mission was an endeavor of the friendliest character to arrange to resume the Venezuelan frontier negotiations. Lord Salisbury had listened to his arguments in the best spirit. The delay of Lord Salisbury's reply was doubtless due to the latter's holiday, and to the subsequent occupation of the foreign office. The many disputes of the United States with Venezuela had always been amicably arranged by a board of conciliation, and Mr. Bayard said he did not see why the same method should not be adopted as between England and Venezuela. Lord Salisbury's demand upon Venezuela for reparation, he added, was quite outside his mission in the affair.

BUYING MAXIM GUNS

To Repel Attempts at Venezuelan Aggression.

London, Oct. 18.—The St. James Gazette this afternoon made some highly important and sensational statements regarding Venezuela, which seem to show that the dispute between that republic and Great Britain has assumed a very grave aspect. It says that since the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain assumed office as secretary of state for the colonies he has paid close personal attention to the question of the relations between Great Britain and Venezuela. The St. James Gazette adds:

"We are now enabled to state the tenor of a remarkable dispatch in which is outlined the imperial policy towards the colonies. The document is of much importance, inasmuch as it was followed by cabled instructions from Mr. Chamberlain to the governor of British Guiana, Sir Charles Cameron Lees, K. C. M. G., to obtain without delay a vote for the provision of two Maxim guns, one of which is to be stationed at Uruan or elsewhere along the frontier where the Venezuelans may attempt to cross. The mere fact that Mr. Chamberlain cabled instructions for the defence of the frontier in this manner is positive proof that the imperial government will not tolerate a repetition of the Uruan incident and that it intends to hold the frontier within the Schomburgh line, by force, if necessary.

"In this dispatch Mr. Chamberlain advocates, especially, fostering gold mining and urges the cutting of a road from the Upper Barima river to Cuyuni, pointing out its importance from a military point of view, as it would enable the government to keep more closely in touch with the frontier and repel attempts at Venezuelan aggression, adding that in view of the possible early and rapid expansion of gold mining it will be necessary to provide adequately for the protection of the northwest district and recommending an increase in the number of military and police as well as the erection of barracks on the frontier."

SPAIN WILL STRIKE SOON.

Gen. Campos is Not Dead—Denied That Brazil Recognized Cubans.

London, Oct. 19.—The Standard's Madrid correspondent says that the government is preparing to send a strong fleet to Cuba directly any American government recognizes the Cubans as belligerents. The government will make the greatest efforts to strike a decisive blow before the next rainy season.

The government has removed from his position Prof. Jose Antiguar, of the university, on the ground that he is disaffected towards Spain, and has authorized the supreme court to remove the fiscal judges.

Captain General Martinez De Campos, who is enjoying his usual fine health and spirits, arrived at Havana from Santiago De Cuba yesterday.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The Spanish minister Senor De Lome has received an official cable dispatch from Madrid declaring the statement that the Brazilian government had taken action granting belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents to be entirely without foundation.

WEST AFRICA BRUTALITIES.

Belgian Officer Carries Things With a High Hand.

London, Oct. 22.—A man named Thomas Bradley, who until recently was employed by the authorities of the Congo Free State, has just returned from West Africa bearing a letter from the brother of Stokes, the English trader who was hanged by Captain Lothaire, of the Belgian service, after a brief trial by court martial, at which the captain is alleged to have formed the whole court.

The dead man's brother says that Bishop Taylor, the American missionary at Stanleypool, told him that the captain was jealous of Stokes on account of the latter's influence with the natives.

Bradley said that the captain caused an American overseer to be bound to a tree and then he slashed the bound man with his sword, cutting the clothes from his back and wounding him terribly. Bradley claims that he was an eye-witness of this outrage, and he adds that the man died two days later.

JOHN W. MACKAY'S REMAINS.

His Body in Ardente Chapel Watched by Sisters of Mercy.

Paris, Oct. 22.—The body of the late John W. Mackay, jr., was placed yesterday afternoon in the Chapelle Ardente, constructed at the residence of Mrs. Mackay, his mother, on the Rue Tilsitt, where it is watched by Sisters of Mercy, and where the dead man's friends will be allowed to take a last farewell of his remains. The chapel is magnificently draped with black and silver, and the coffin rests upon a catafalque elevated four feet from the ground. Numerous floral wreaths and other such tokens of mourning for the dead have already arrived, and are being placed upon the bier. The date of the funeral is not yet fixed.

HORSELESS CARRIAGE PARADE.

England's First Was Given at Tunbridge and Was Successful.

London, Oct. 19.—England's first horseless carriage parade took place at Tunbridge Wells this week. Petroleum motors worked smoothly,

WASHINGTON.

EX-CONSUL WALLER

Can Not Live More Than One Year in Prison.

New York, Oct. 18.—Mrs. Waller, wife of the ex-consul of the United States at Tamatave, Madagascar, was a passenger with her two daughters and son, arriving yesterday on the steamship Amsterdam. Regarding the efforts which have been made to obtain a hearing for her husband, Mrs. Waller said:

"I am told that Minister Eustis has been criticised by those who sympathize with my husband, and I want to correct any false impression that may have obtained. Mr. Eustis treated us, and is treating my husband with the utmost consideration and tenderness. Only red tape that binds the wheels of state in France, is to blame for our failure to see my husband, and his solitary confinement is being made as easy and as pleasant as possible by Mr. Eustis, who sends to him newspapers, books, money, tobacco, delicacies and all that is permitted to be sent to a prisoner.

"I do not think my husband will live a year in the French prison, for he was ill for a whole year before his arrest on March 25 last."

Mrs. Waller said further that she had forwarded to Secretary Olney documentary evidence sufficient to completely prove the innocence of Mr. Waller.

Regarding Consul Campbell, at Mauritius, Mrs. Waller said: 'My husband succeeded Campbell at Madagascar four years ago, and he has not forgiven him, apparently. Campbell was indifferent to our situation. He did not seem to be interested in securing our passage to France or home, and though he told me he had cabled to Washington for assistance for us, I learned subsequently that he had only written us by mail, and when I spoke of it, he said it was because he had no appropriation to cover the expense of cabling. Thus we were detained two months in Mauritius unnecessarily. When we did sail it was in the steerage of the French steamer Iraonaddy. I did not mind that so much, as I never expected to sail first-class, but I did mind the jibes and insults of several French officers and the crew generally. One lieutenant always referred to us as 'those niggers,' and said we ought to be with Waller in prison."

DEFINES HIS POSITION.

Attorney General's Motion in the Judge Long Pension Case.

Washington, October 16.—In his motion for the advancement of the Judge Long pension case on the docket of the U. S. supreme court the attorney general indicates briefly the position his office will take in the latter. He says:

"There are, as we have seen, very strong reasons for holding that where a title has passed or the rights of innocent third persons have supervened or there has been a very great lapse of time without question the decisions of the head of the executive department should be considered as beyond the power of his successors to disturb.

"The reasons are quite strong also why, as to transactions wholly ended, where credit has been given or money paid over, there should be no recognized right of review save for fraud or manifest illegality. But where the matter is one that involves future, recurring payments of money there seems no good reason why succeeding incumbents of the office, charged with a present responsibility, should be concluded by the decisions of their predecessors. These should not lightly overrule their predecessors; but when satisfied and convinced that error has been committed, and that there is no legal warrant for the payment demanded, it would seem to be their duty, as well as their right, to rectify the error. The recognition of the power in such cases involves no destruction of vested rights, no impairment of the obligations of contracts, and no abridgement of the equities of third persons."

THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY.

They Are Closely Guarded by Private Detectives.

Washington, Oct. 18.—When Mrs. Cleveland with her three little daughters, and accompanied by the nurse, the governess, and maid, arrived in this city there were in the same car and close to the party as they entered their carriages, three secret service officers, one of whom was the brother of Chief Hazen.

It appears the attendance of these officers had not been merely temporary but during the stay of the President's family at Buzzard's Bay there was a detail watching the premises day and night in order to protect the President, his wife, and little ones from cranks and evil-minded persons who might try in the seclusion of that place to work personal harm to Mr. or Mrs. Cleveland or to kidnap one or more of the children.

This custom of traveling with government detectives near their persons was not adopted by any of Mr. Cleveland's predecessors, and the precaution is now said to be taken on account of the anxiety of the President's friends. Every day or so some crank or other visits the White House and the daily mail of the President contains threatening epistles, which, by the way, never reach his eye, as the watchful Thurber deposits them in the waste basket before he sends the mail to his chief.

LIQUOR DEALERS CONFER.

They Must Take Measures to Stem the Tide.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The proceedings of the National Association of Retail Liquor Dealers yesterday were conducted behind closed doors. Plans were discussed for a more thorough organization of liquor interests throughout the country. Speeches were made by many delegates, reviewing the fight made by the temperance organizations and the evident concentration of the movement at the capital of the nation.

The need of more radical steps for protection of their interests and more powerful organization at Washington to combat the temperance movement was urged, and it was asserted that without such action the effect of the movement would be soon felt in the crushing of the liquor interests from center to circumference."

Resolutions were adopted pledging the association to resist all law-making power that may attempt to levy an unequal tax on one class of business, the enactment of unjust sumptuary legislation, and to oppose all unjust restrictions on the liquor traffic. The resolutions close: "We emphatically denounce all illicit and disreputable resorts which may be tolerated for any purpose, because they propagate drunkenness and debauchery among the youth of the community, desecrate the Sabbath, and cast odium on the legitimate trade, and we therefore pledge ourselves to assist in its suppression."

BRICE WILL BE DEFEATED.

Washington Politicians Think He Could Not be Seated.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The question is being seriously discussed here whether Senator Brice, even if re-elected to the Senate, will be eligible to a seat under the constitution. Since he found it possible to squeeze into the Senate four years ago, although he had lived little in Ohio for some time, he has been less attentive to his Ohio residence, and has made his home at New York, Newport and Washington, scarcely paying any attention to his former home in Ohio. The constitution is very explicit on this point, and says in plain terms that "no person shall be elected a Senator who shall not, when elected be an inhabitant of the state from which he shall be chosen. The term 'inhabitant' is understood by the lawmakers to mean something different from the term resident, and although certainly not to mean one who occasionally puts in a few days in the state in question, and inhabits other states almost constantly.

That this question is a serious one, and that the lawyers and statesmen so regard it, is shown by the fact that the House of Representatives on one occasion refused a seat to a man who was elected a member of that body while temporarily residing in Washington, but all the time claiming a home in Massachusetts. The case in question was that of John Bailey, who was a Massachusetts man, but holding at the time a position in the state department in Washington. He had all the time looked upon Massachusetts as his home, and was surprised after his election to find that a claim was being made that he was not an inhabitant of Massachusetts under the meaning of the constitution. He had been six years in Washington, but had not supposed to have lost his identity as a citizen and resident and inhabitant of Massachusetts. But the House of Representatives and the committee on elections both decided otherwise. The case was argued before the committee and a report made against allowing him his seat, on the ground that he was not an "inhabitant" of the state. And the House upheld this report of the committee, adopted it, and refused to permit Mr. Bailey to retain his seat. How will it be with Mr. Brice, who has spent practically no time in Ohio for years?

In an affidavit made in New York, 1884, he said I am a householder of New York, and reside in New York city." And that is the case to-day, even more than it was at that time.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CALVIN S. BRICE.

NO WONDER HE WEARS HIS HAIR LONG.

VENEZUELA.

President and Cabinet Considered the Situation.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Cuba and Venezuela had the call at the cabinet meeting yesterday, the former for a short time, the latter for so long that the conference of the President and his advisers was prolonged much beyond the usual limits.

The situation in Venezuela is looked on as grave. Now that Joseph Chamberlain has given orders to use a Maxim gun to prevent forays, there is a feeling, which was expressed at the cabinet meeting, that this may precipitate a clash which will at once involve the United States.

Some fear has been expressed by those who know the tendencies of South America officials that the Venezuelans, relying on the friendship of the United States, may go out of their way to precipitate a fight for the express purpose of involving this country. This situation was considered carefully at yesterday's meeting, but so far as can be learned, no definite step was decided upon.

After the meeting was over several of the cabinet officers were approached, no one of whom would deny that the Venezuelan question was the topic which consumed the most time, but it was intimated that nothing was done except to exchange views as to the extent to which this country should go in enforcing the Monroe doctrine. It is believed, however, that as a result of the meeting Venezuela will be given a friendly hint to avoid rash measures until something definite shall be learned as to the outcome of the negotiations for arbitration now in the hands of Ambassador Bayard.

As to the Cuban question the explanation was made that the island at the present time was unusually quiet, both sides being engaged in taking positions for the struggle which is certain to occur as soon as the dry season is fairly inaugurated. Hence it was suggested that the present time was not propitious for any pronounced declaration for or against the revolutionists. There was an intimation that later on the President might discuss the propriety of recommending to Congress that a commission should be constituted by law to visit the island and inquire into the prospects of the revolutionists. In the meanwhile it is understood that Secretary Olney will sound Spain as to how such a proposition would be received.

Enough was learned of the disposition shown at the meeting to indicate that the administration is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to show its hand. A crisis is all that is wanted.

GROVER IS ANXIOUS

Over Lord Salisbury's Aggressive Policy.

Washington, October 21.—Developments show that great anxiety exists in administration circles over the state of the Venezuelan dispute with Great Britain. It is apparent that apprehension exists in the minds of the President and his advisers that the British policy is one of aggressiveness and determination. The ultimatum which Lord Salisbury has sent Venezuela is the latest disturbing factor in the situation.

From a high source a statement in substance as follows is secured.

President Cleveland has taken a position from which the United States cannot retreat one inch with honor. Lord Salisbury seeks to delay and evade the great issue, but in doing so is likely to bring about a state of affairs in Venezuela which may precipitate armed conflict between the United States and Great Britain. President Cleveland has assumed that Great Britain's claims in Venezuela are subversive of the Monroe doctrine, being an attempt to secure American territory by a false claim to title. The London Times, evidently by inspiration, recently put forth the remarkable statement that a few years of occupation of disputed territory perfected the title and accompanied this by the threat that if Great Britain occupies more territory and holds it a few years it will claim that, too, and admit no arbitration as to its title. In the opinion of President Cleveland and his cabinet this is an infamous doctrine and one which can never be carried into effect without war with the United States, providing congress will sustain the executive.

In view of the present grave situation, President Cleveland is anxious concerning the attitude of certain Republican leaders in congress. He realizes he has taken a step which may lead to most serious consequences, and he is eager to learn whether or not leaders of the opposition party in congress will oppose the position he has taken. Mr. Cleveland has confidence in the patriotism of the party leaders on both sides of the house and senate, but it is intimated he will soon take measures to sound a number of prominent Republicans as to their views.

HERE IS ENGLAND'S POSITION.

Official Statement Given Out by That Country.

London, Oct. 21.—In view of the many reports in circulation regarding the attitude of Great Britain towards Venezuela, the following official announcement was made to-day:

In consequence of Venezuela not offering an apology or reparation for the Yurnan incident, the Marquis of Salisbury has taken steps to inform her as to what reparation Great Britain requires. But as relatons between the two countries have been broken off for some years, the communication was not sent through the direct diplomatic channel. As the document has not reached its destination, it is not considered desirable to give details of its contents. But it is couched in forcible terms and points out that Great Britain will not permit Venezuela to overstep the boundaries marked by the courses of the rivers Cuyune and Amacura; but it is willing that the question of the other disputed territory should be submitted to arbitration.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE.

Marked Increase in the Number of Mills.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Special Treasury Agent Ayer was recently instructed to ascertain and report upon the condition of the tin plate industry in the United States, and has just submitted his report to the department at Washington.

The report covers the operations for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895. The facts as presented show a marked increase in the number of mills for rolling the steel sheets, or "black plates" which form the body of commercial tin. The largely increased consumption of steel sheets from American rolling mills indicates not only the accelerated growth of this branch of the industry, but an actual preference for American rolled sheets. During the year the production in the United States was 193,801,193 pounds, an increase of 30 per cent over the previous year. Forty-eight firms were producing during the quarter ended June 30, 1895, against 40 the previous year.

Twenty-six tin rolling mills were producing black plates during the quarter against 20 during the same quarter in 1894.

Of the 48 firms that were producing commercial tin and terne plates during the quarter ended June 30, 1895, 39 used wholly American plates, nine used both American and foreign plates. No firm used wholly foreign plates.

The proportion of American sheets used during the quarter ended June 30, 1895, compared with the entire production of commercial tin and terne plates was 93 per cent against 72 per cent used the previous year.

During the year eight firms permanently discontinued production. Twenty-six new firms engaged in the active business during the year, of which seventeen are making or preparing to make black plates.

WALLER IS GUILTY.

Secretary Olney Satisfied That He Was Fairly Tried.

Washington, Oct. 22.—There is little hope for ex-Consul Waller. Despite the appeals which Mrs. Waller, who arrived in Washington to-day, will make in her husband's behalf, it may be said on authority that no effort will be made by the administration to secure Waller's release from the French prison in which he is now confined under a sentence of twenty years.

A few weeks ago Secretary Olney was inclined to believe Waller unjustly treated, and was prepared to make a strong demand for the ex-consul's release should the facts bear out this assumption. Unfortunately they do not and the President and secretary of state are convinced that Waller received no more than his just deserts.

Additional information has been received from the French government, and it is of a convincing nature. A letter which Waller wrote to a member of the Hova government was intercepted. It contained a warning to the Hovas that two Frenchmen within their lines were spies for the French military authorities. In the first part of his letter Waller mentioned the two men by name and in the remaining parts of his missive referred to them by initials.

His defense is that he did not identify the men, but the French court which tried him was not impressed with the value of this explanation. Neither is the state department in Washington. If this letter had been delivered, the two men named in it would doubtless have been condemned to death by the Hovas.

Secretary Olney is satisfied of Waller's guilt and of the regularity and fairness of the court which tried and convicted him.

WILL COMBAT THE LAW.

Druggists' Suits to Recover Taxes Paid on Alcohol.

Washington, Oct. 16.—The suits brought in the court of claims to recover the taxes imposed by the government on alcohol used in medicinal compounds and in the arts will come up at the session of the court which begins next week. Under the present tariff law alcohol used in medicinal compounds and in the arts was to be free from taxation under regulations prescribed by the secretary of the treasury. Owing to the difficulty of carrying out the law, however, and upon the representation that it would open the way for fraud the secretary declined to make regulations and despite the protests of manufacturing pharmacists and others using alcohol exempt from taxation by the terms of the tariff law the tax was collected. In this way it is estimated that during the fifteen months the law has been in operation between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 have been collected on alcohol that would have been exempt had the secretary issued regulations.

CARLISLE'S STRATEGY.

Manderson's Question in Sugar Bounty Cases Will be Heard.

Washington, Oct. 17.—Ex-Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, was given a hearing by Secretary Carlisle on the question raised by him in the sugar bounty cases as to the jurisdiction of the controller of the treasury. After Controller Bowler's decision to send the cases to the courts, there is an intimation that Secretary Carlisle forced the issue at this time in order to get the matter into court before Congress convened as it was believed that the sugar men hoped to keep it out of court until an effort could be made in Congress again to pass the appropriations, coupled with a provision making it mandatory on the secretary to pay it forthwith.

INDICATES PROSPERITY.

Increase in Receipts of the Postoffice Department.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The postoffice department has compiled the receipts of the thirty leading cities of the United States for the third quarter of the year 1895, and a most gratifying increase is shown. The total receipts for the quarter ended September 30, were $7,400,499 against $6,735,719 for the same quarter in 1894, an increase of 9.9 per cent. Every city shows an increase. Postal officials say these receipts are a sure index of increasing business throughout the country.

DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION.

Tried in the Balance Two Years and Found Wanting.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, Oct. 19.—In the two years, seven months and thirteen days of the Cleveland administration the expenditures of the government have exceeded the receipts by $132,640,912.64. The expenditures were $969,851,153.03, and the receipts $837,210,240.59.

The October deficit has reached $10,477,442.89, of which $309,976.34 was added yesterday. The deficit for the present fiscal year now aggregates $20,362,101. The gold reserve stands at $93,109,481.05.

COUNTRY BECOMING PARCHED.

Present Drouth is One of the Severest on Record.

Washington, Oct. 21.—Reports received at the weather bureau indicate that the present drouth is one of the severest, most prolonged and general known in the United States since the bureau's organization. There are a few places which show an exception to the general condition, but in no large section of the country, unless, perhaps, in the northwest and far west, does there appear to have been a soaking rain for the past two months or more.

WE LEAD 'EM ALL.

Secure More of Cuba's Sugar Than Other Countries.

Washington, Oct. 19.—United States Consul General Williams's third quarterly statement of production and exports of Cuban sugars of 1894-95 shows that to that date Cuba had marketed: United States, 712, 847 tons, or 92.53 per cent; Spain, 26,296 tons, or 3.41 per cent; Canada, 25,556 tons, or 3.32 per cent; Great Britain, 5,674 tons, or .74 per cent.

CAPT. HOOPER ON SEALS.

Recommends That Females be Spared During August.

Washington, October 19.—Captain Hooper, who commanded the Bering sea fleet during the last season, has made his report to the treasury department. He recommends that the killing of female seals during the month of August be prohibited.

Mora's Fat Check.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Assistant Secretary Uhl yesterday handed to Crammond Kennedy, counsel for Antonio Maximo Mora, a draft on the subtreasurer at New York for $394,809.76.

We Will Make Guns.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The naval ordnance bureau is about to begin at once the manufacture of about a hundred 3-inch field guns at the Washington gun factory.

MISS WILLARD ELECTED.

Again at the Head of the W. C. T. U.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 22.—Miss Frances Willard was again elected president of the W. C. T. U. at the annual election to-day, with practically no opposition, although complimentary votes were cast for several other prominent workers. Other officers were elected as follows:

Vice-president-at-large—Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens. Corresponding secretary—Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson, of Massachusetts. Recording secretary—Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, of Kansas City, Mo. Assistant recording secretary—Mrs. Frances J. Beauchamp, of Kentucky.

The day's proceedings were opened with devotional exercises conducted by Miss Elizabeth Greenwood. The venerable Mother Thompson, the original temperance crusader, offered a prayer.

The report of the committee on credentials showed that 43 states were represented, and that 425 persons were present and entitled to vote.

The vote for president resulted as follows: Miss Willard, 361; Mrs. Louise Rounds, Illinois, 9; Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Buell, Miss Ackerman and Mrs. Hoffman, 1 each.

At the conclusion of the ballot the vice president, Mrs. Stevens, took the chair, and the recording secretary was instructed to cast the unanimous vote of the convention for Miss Willard.

The latter made a brief and feeling address, thanking the convention for the honor and referring to the long and pleasant period of association between herself and the members of the W. C. T. U. She also spoke of her recent ill-health and the great benefits derived from her trip abroad. The balloting for other officers then proceeded with the result mentioned.

SILVER IS SCARCE.

This is Brought Out by the Recent Advance.

New York, Oct. 22.—The recent advance in the price of silver caused by the sharp demand for account of China and Japan, has established the scarcity of the metal. Mr. Townsend, of the Hong Kong bank corporation expresses the belief that all accumulations of silver at London have already found employment. London statistics show that there has been a decrease this year in importations of silver into England of 8,000,000 ounces, equivalent to about £1,000,000 sterling. This year also, there will be a decrease in importations of silver into Washington of 54,000,000 ounces, as a result of the repeal of the Sherman law. This indicates a decrease in the production of the white metal this year of about 62,000,000 ounces. The requirements of China for silver in connection with the indemnity payments to Japan will extend over at least two years.

Quotations on Silver Mean Little.

Denver, Col., Oct. 22.—"The current quotation on silver means little or nothing," said a well-known ore buyer to-day. "The smelters have contracted their bullion for months to come to the big agencies in New York and these in turn have sold to London."

OUR NAVY NEEDS MEN.

Ranger to be Used as a Receiving Ship.

San Francisco, October 19.—The United States steamer Ranger has arrived in port from Acapulco. The vessel has been detailed to act as a receiving ship. At present four hundred men are needed in the navy, of which number 200 will go on the Boston.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY of the complexion, hands, arms, and hair is found in the perfect action of the Pores, produced by

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

BIG CORRUPTION FUND.

Evidence That It Has Arrived in Ohio From New York.

Columbus, O., Oct. 22.—The statement published in yesterday's New York Advertiser to the effect that $305,000 had been sent from that state to Ohio is verified by developments in this city. Since last Thursday night unusual activity has marked the proceedings of the Democratic headquarters here, and thirty-two politicians of the most unscrupulous sort have been received by those in authority, and sent away with precise instructions and large sums of money. This money has been flashed by careless, semi-drunken heelers, and the destination of much of it has been learned. Seventeen legislative candidates from counties supposed to be close, or doubtful, have visited Columbus the past week, and been furnished with funds. Agents have been sent out to carry on various lines of crooked work in various parts of the state. Money has also been distributed from Lima, and it is known that large sums of money have been promised for distribution during the middle and last of this week.

This fact seems to correspond with, and has some bearing on, Mr. Brice's reported presence in Ohio at this time. Following the visits of Democratic workers and candidates to Columbus, there have been received reports from many counties showing that the corruption fund is being used. There has been a wonderful livening of interest among the Democrats in most of the doubtful counties in the last few days. It has been known all along that the Brice people have determined to concentrate their efforts upon the last fortnight of the campaign. They have up to within the last two days paid out money except in small cases, rather sparingly, and have dealt more liberally in promises than in cash.

The most disreputable conspiracy to smirch the name of the state is now being worked out by the emissaries of the man who but six years ago bought his way into the Senate. He is now giving this campaign his personal direction, and he is backed by certain corrupt and moneyed interests of Wall street and Tammany. The enormity of this infamous conspiracy to buy men by the wholesale to corrupt American citizens can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not watched its development day by day and been made acquainted with the steps by which it has been evolved and brought to its present state of power and menace.

POPE LEO'S LETTER.

Says Catholics Should Hold Separate Conventions.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 18.—Archbishop Katzer has received a copy of the letter of Pope Leo, sent to Mgr. Satolli, bearing on religious congresses. Following is a translation:

Venerable brother, health and apostolic benediction. We have learned that in the United States of America conventions are sometimes held in which people assembled promiscuously, Catholics as well as those of other denominations, to treat upon religion as well as upon correct morals.

In this we recognize the desire for religious things by which this people is animated more zealously from day to day. But although these promiscuous conventions have unto this day been tolerated with prudent silence, it would nevertheless seem more advisable that the Catholics should hold their conventions separately and that, lest the utility of these conventions should result simply to their own benefit, they might be called with the understanding that the admittance should be open to all, including those who are outside of the church.

Whilst we consider it important upon our apostolic office, venerable brother, to bring this to your knowledge we are also pleased by our recommendation to promote the practice of the Paulist fathers who prudently think to speak publicly to our dissenting brethren in order to explain Catholic dogmas and answer the objections against them.

If every bishop in his own diocese will promote this practice and a frequent attendance at these sermons it will be very pleasing and acceptable to us, for we are confident that not a small benefit for the welfare of souls will arise therefrom.

Wishing you in the meantime, venerable brother, the gifts of divine providence, we impart to you with the most loving spirit the apostolic benediction, a proof of our special love.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, September 18, 1895, the eighteenth year of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII.

St. Paul, Oct. 18.—Archbishop Ireland, in an interview with the Associated Press representative, said: "The words of Pope Leo are in no manner of means a condemnation of parliaments of religions. He merely prescribes the methods or conditions under which Catholics may take part in them."

HAD HIGH OLD TIMES.

Claimed That Emanuel Church Was Used for Immoral Purposes.

San Francisco, Oct. 21.—The prosecution in the trial of W. H. T. Durrant has found a witness who will testify that everything was not right in Emanuel church prior to the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. This witness is a colored bootblack named Budd Wilson. Last night when he was served with a subpoena he told his story to Detective Seymour. "I know King and Durrant so well that they talked freely with me," he said. "At first I was surprised that such religious young men should be carrying on in such a fashion, but after a while I concluded they were about the same as other young men. I learned from those two boys themselves that they were taking girls to the church every night. I often heard them tell of the fun they had there, and of the different girls who accompanied them. I know of five girls who used to go to the church at night with these boys. The people in the mission would be very much surprised if they knew who the girls were. They all belong to respectable families, and the worst of it all is that their parents never dreamed that such things were going on."

HELD HIS LITTLE FORT.

Madman Spent Sunday in His Room Shooting Out of the Window.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—Armed with a Winchester rifle and a revolver, a madman defied the police for hours yesterday at No. 35 Woodland Park, in one of the most aristocratic residence district of the city. Barricaded and locked in a second-story room, commanding a complete view of the park, the lunatic splintered doors, shattered window panes and tore holes in the plaster of the room with bullets from his rifle, while he shouted defiance to the police.

The insane man was G. S. Merwin, of the firm of Rogers, Brown & Co., pig iron dealers.

After seventeen hours of effort, the police by strategy, surprised and overcame the madman. Although he had fired 140 shots from his rifle and revolver, Merwin injured no one, but a number of people had narrow escapes.

VENEZUELA BUYING GUNS.

They Will be Maxim and of British Make.

New York, Oct. 19.—The Venezuelan question is approaching an acute stage. The government of Venezuela is providing itself with modern armament, and among other supplies has ordered ten improved Maxim guns from the British firm which manufactures them. The order was placed through a New York firm and the English house, it is supposed, does not know the destination of the goods.

At the same time the syndicate of United States capitalists which has secured concessions on the Venezuelan gold lands claimed by Great Britain is preparing to send a large force of prospectors, miners and workmen into the field.

William N. Safford, counsel for the Orinoco company, the American syndicate, made plain yesterday the position assumed by the Orinoco company.

"The company," said he, "proposes to work its concessions without delay. It will send prospectors along the line of the Imataca mountains, whose foothills are supposed to be rich with gold mines. That territory is of course in the company's concessions, and has always been marked so on the map. But now that there is a prospect of gold there Great Britain claims it.

"In 1850 Great Britain asserted that it had no intention to occupy or usurp disputed territory. So matters went until 1885. In that year rich gold fields, now yielding $4,000,000 a year, were discovered west of the Schomburg line, between the Guayma and Paraman rivers. Great Britain promptly stepped in and claimed that territory. And so she has gone on since, claiming land wherever gold has been discovered. The Orinoco company claims those gold fields as being in its concession, and proposes to stand up for its perfectly clear title to them."

MARLBOROUGH ARRESTED

In New York for Scorching on a Bicycle.

New York, Oct. 19.—The blotter of the Macgown's Pass tavern sub-police station in Central Park bore this entry:

"Arrested by Officer Michael J. Sweeney, Duke of Marlborough, 23 years old, resident of England; no occupation, single, temporary residence Plaza hotel. Charge, violation of park ordinance. Reprimanded and discharged by Roundsman Ryan."

Thus briefly and officially is recorded the arrest of the young Duke of Marlborough, who is to wed Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

There is an ordinance which forbids wheelmen from riding faster than eight miles an hour in the park, or from coasting down hill. The duke did not know this when he swung his feet over the handlebar and went gliding down the road to 104th street. Officer Sweeney gave chase, overhauled the young nobleman, informing him that he was under arrest. Said the duke: "This is an outrage. I am the Duke of Marlborough. How dare you insult me in this unwarranted manner."

Officer Sweeney thought the young man was imposing upon him, and flippantly replied: "I don't give a d—n who you are."

The duke exhibited his card, but was compelled to accompany the officer to the station, which he did under protest. He said that he was ignorant of the law, and offered to pay any fine that might be imposed. After hearing both sides of the case, Roundsman Ryan told the duke that he had been clearly guilty of violating one of the park most stringent rules, and with a few words of caution released him from custody.

JOHN W. MACKAY, JR., KILLED.

Thrown From His Horse in Paris Thursday.

San Francisco, October 19.—John W. Mackay, jr., the eldest son of the bonanza millionaire, was thrown from his horse and killed in Paris Thursday. The deceased was about 25 years of age, having been born at the Grand Hotel in this city in 1870. He and Clarence, aged about 23, were the only children of the millionaire, the Princess Colona being a step daughter.

For the past six months the young man and his brother have been spending their vacation in Europe, partly with their mother, partly with their step sister, Eva, the Princess Colona. Mr. Mackay, sr., is in this city and received only a brief cablegram announcing the accidental death.

READY FOR CONVENTIONS.

Chicago Coliseum Will be Finished for National Conventions.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—Active preparations are in progress to care for one or more of the national political conventions in case Chicago is selected. A large force of men is at work on the large structure to be known as the Coliseum, located at the corner of 63d street and Madison street, the main entrance to the old fair grounds. The immense building will be completed and opened in May next with an international cycle tournament on a quarter of a mile track, to be followed in June with a horse show, to take the place of the Washington Park Derby and modeled after the great New York horse show of Madison Square garden.

THE FIST FIGHT OFF.

Florida Athletic Club Throws Up the Sponge.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 21.—The fight between Corbett-Fitzsimmons is declared off by the Florida Athletic Club at a conference this morning between the managers of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The club asked that the contest be postponed until November 11. Brady acquiesced, but Julian would not.

The contest was declared off.

Brady then said his last say that Corbett would meet any man in the world, Fitzsimmons preferred, on November 11, the man to be named within 24 hours.

THE STRIKE A FAILURE.

Strikers Will be Glad to Return to Work.

Dubois, Pa., Oct. 22.—The threatened strike in this part of the coal region has been a complete failure. Less than one-third of the miners called out quit work yesterday and those who struck are in consequence ready to return as speedily as possible. The indications are that every mine will be working before the end of the week.

Great destitution prevails here. A carload of potatoes was received from Williamsport on Saturday and distributed among the miners yesterday.

MEXICAN CATTLE WILL COME.

Government Quarantine Against Them Raised Last Night.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 22.—At 12 o'clock last night the government quarantine against Mexican cattle was raised and from 50 cattlemen now in the city from Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth and Pueblo, Col., your correspondent learns that 85,000 head of cattle have already been brought into Mexico for shipment into this country, and 40,000 of them are already on the border ready to enter this country this morning.

WANTS $200,000 DAMAGES.

J. J. Van Allen Arrested for Alienating a Wife's Affections.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 22.—Both parties in the Colt divorce case have made statements through their attorneys. At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a warrant was issued for the arrest of J. J. Van Allen, of Newport, R. I., charging him with alienation of a wife's affections. The damages are placed at $200,000. Under the laws of Rhode Island, he can be arrested and held until he furnishes such bonds as the court may order.

Baby McKee is Quarantined.

Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 18.—Master Benjamin McKee, who has scarlet fever, is doing as well as could be expected. He is still quarantined, as is Mrs. J. R. McKee and ex-President Harrison.

Olney Gone to Boston.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Secretary Olney has gone to Boston for a short stay.

RADWAY'S PILLS CURE

Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles and All Liver Disorders.

RADWAY'S PILLS are purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

25 cents a box. At druggists, or by mail. "Book of Advice" free by mail.

RADWAY & CO., P. O. Box 365, New York.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE TRADE REPORTS.

The Situation Good, but Against Speculative Trading.

New York, Oct. 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The events of the week are promising in nature, though to speculative markets not entirely encouraging. The great advance in cotton had arrested exports and so deranged the exchanges that shipments of gold was for a time apprehended, but the break in the market indicates that the natural movement of the product may soon be restored. The halting of demand and moderate yielding of prices in the great industrial markets show that a season of reasonable attention to natural conditions has arrived, and gives hope that the future demand will be more nearly proportioned to actual consumption.

The cotton market has been partly cornered for early delivery by a New Orleans operator and his followers, as it has been twice in not distant years by Liverpool speculators who ended in failure. The estimate of Mr. Neill, who has been conspicuously correct in judging recent crops, indicate a yield of 6,800,000 bales where most speculators had expected much less, and led many to realize the meaning of 3,000,000 bales brought over from last year. The actual receipts thus far are only 17 per cent less than last year from a crop of 9,000,000 bales, and the export movement estimates, and spinners here and abroad with much unanimity refrain from buying largely at current quotations. Until the price recedes far enough to bring out a liberal supply of cotton bills there will be a possibility of gold exports, for other merchandise exports are small from New York for two weeks, 10 per cent. less than last year, with imports for two weeks of October 29 per cent. larger than last year. In September dutiable imports were 54.2 and for nine months 58.8 per cent. larger than last year.

Wheat does not go out freely, and the attempt to advance prices on Monday was followed by an immediate decline. The Atlantic exports, flour included, have been in the past three weeks 4,558,453 bushels, against 7,249,111 last year, and the big shipments from Russia and of late from Argentina show that the world is not yet obliged to pay Atlantic prices for American wheat. Western receipts for the week were remarkably large, 7,733,000 bushels, and for three weeks 21,638,977, against 14,017,261 last year. The rush of wheat to market and the largest output of flour ever known at Minneapolis are not evidences of a great shortage in yield, but the price has changed only an eighth for the week. Corn is stronger without clear reason, for while exports in three weeks are 3,326,284 bushels, against 236,703 last year they can at best dispose of only an insignificant fraction of the great yield.

The iron industry is still fully engaged on old orders, but new business is so scanty that many of the works are seeking it at some concession in prices, and only large contracts have been made at $1.75 to $1.80 for bridge plates quoted at 1.9 to 2 cents. Quotations are not lower, though any good orders command some discount. Billets sell at $21 and rod at $28 at Pittsburg, want of business in wire and wire nail continuing. Mills have to compete in pig iron and other products with speculators who took large quantities on advancing prices, and actual consumption will not be fairly measured until the effects of the speculation are off the way.

Textile manufacturers have strong markets for materials to support them. But scarcely any advance is seen this week in cotton goods, though the rise for the month has averaged 4.1 per cent, and there seems such a halt as appeared a month ago in iron products. The price of some worsteds has been advanced because advanced abroad, but it is an questionable as to how far the market will be held by domestic makers, and woolen manufacturers have to face, not only foreign competition, but an especial tendency of popular demand toward worsted fabrics. Sales of wool, 21,200,700 pounds at the three chief markets against 13,702,800 in 1893, greatly exceed actual consumption.

Failures for the week have been 263 in the United States, against 233 last year, and 46 in Canada against 43 last year.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, O., Oct. 22, 1895.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 22.	Oct. 15.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	123¼	123¼
U. S. 4's (new), registered	123½	123
U. S. 5's, coupons	113¾	116
U. S. 5's, registered	114¾	114¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	111¾	111¾
U. S. 4's, registered	111¾	111¾
U. S. 2's, registered	97¼	97
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

THE STRIKE A FAILURE.

Strikers Will be Glad to Return to Work.

Dubois, Pa., Oct. 22.—The threatened strike in this part of the coal region has been a complete failure. Less than one-third of the miners called out quit work yesterday and those who struck are in consequence ready to return as speedily as possible. The indications are that every mine will be working before the end of the week.

Great destitution prevails here. A carload of potatoes was received from Williamsport on Saturday and distributed among the miners yesterday.

MEXICAN CATTLE WILL COME.

Government Quarantine Against Them Raised Last Night.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 22.—At 12 o'clock last night the government quarantine against Mexican cattle was raised and from 50 cattlemen now in the city from Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth and Pueblo, Col., your correspondent learns that 85,000 head of cattle have already been brought into Mexico for shipment into this country, and 40,000 of them are already on the border ready to enter this country this morning.

WANTS $200,000 DAMAGES.

J. J. Van Allen Arrested for Alienating a Wife's Affections.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 22.—Both parties in the Colt divorce case have made statements through their attorneys. At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a warrant was issued for the arrest of J. J. Van Allen, of Newport, R. I., charging him with alienation of a wife's affections. The damages are placed at $200,000.